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New Republic

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WHY I CHOOSE TO RUN

By HENRY WALLACE

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WASHINGTON WIRE

NINETEEN FORTY-EIGHT will be a year of great decisions in Washington, following a year overshadowed by a kind of blight. What put its stamp on nearly everything here in 1947 was the fact that the GOP overpromised itself in the preceding election.

Republicans never caught up with their own pledges. They are still trying; they will try in '48, and it will continue to gum things up. They promised to cut federal bureaucracy and controls—just before prices started to rise, as a result of killing the OPA. They promised a great slash in taxes—just before inflation began to blaze, which means that a tax cut now will throw gasoline on the flames. They promised to slash federal expenditures—just before the Marshall Plan. Rarely has a party ridden to victory on such reckless and ill timed pledges; if they don't carry them out now they look silly; if they do, they are unpatriotic.

Never in 1947 could House and Senate GOP leaders agree on the figure they would try to cut from the Truman budget; they ended in a blur of phony economies which, like boomerangs, are now coming back one after another to hit them on the back of the neck. As inflation mounts, the promise to give the nation a planless Utopia without controls is causing a revolt even among the freshmen GOP Senators, who are really beginning to get scared at where the Taft-Knutson leadership is taking them. And the aim of balancing budget, reducing debt and cutting taxes, all simultaneously, is running smack into the fiscal demands of the Marshall Plan.

Secret weapon. President Truman through 1947 has had one secret weapon, the GOP Congress. If his popularity has risen on Gallup polls it is due less to what he has done than to his opponents. It will be harder for Truman in 1948, when opposition is personified in an election campaign. Truman won organized labor cheaply, with one veto—a powerful one—of the Taft-Hartley bill. On foreign policy there was rarely a major issue between him and Congress, save over amounts. On economic matters one of the most fascinating experiences of the past year has been to sit here in Washington and sense the American public gradually making up its mind that the high cost of living is more the fault of Congress than of the President, and that if anything is to be done about it, the hope does not lie in the Republicans. In one sense it has been an easy situation for Truman. He knew Congress would reject almost anything liberal he proposed. He could coast along, putting responsibility on his rivals.

New Year thanks. To write a column like this we read, we suppose, a dozen newspapers a day, and we don't know how many individual commentators. With some of them we sometimes violently disagree, but we couldn't get along without them. At this New Year's season we extend our thanks to the list. They are so much a habit now that to omit them means a feeling akin to going unshaved and unwashed. If we couldn't steal from them we don't know where we'd be.

Our favorite columnists are Tom Stokes, Mark Childs, Lowell Mellett, Ernest Lindley, and the brilliant crew that gets out the N. Y. *Post's* "Washington Memo." We want to know every day what the Alsops and Walter Lippmann are saying. If Scotty Reston has a piece in the N. Y. *Times* we try to read it. We like to follow Doris Fleeson on politics; J. A. Livingston, Keith Hutchison and Sylvia Porter on the business outlook; and, on the

(Cont'd on page 38)

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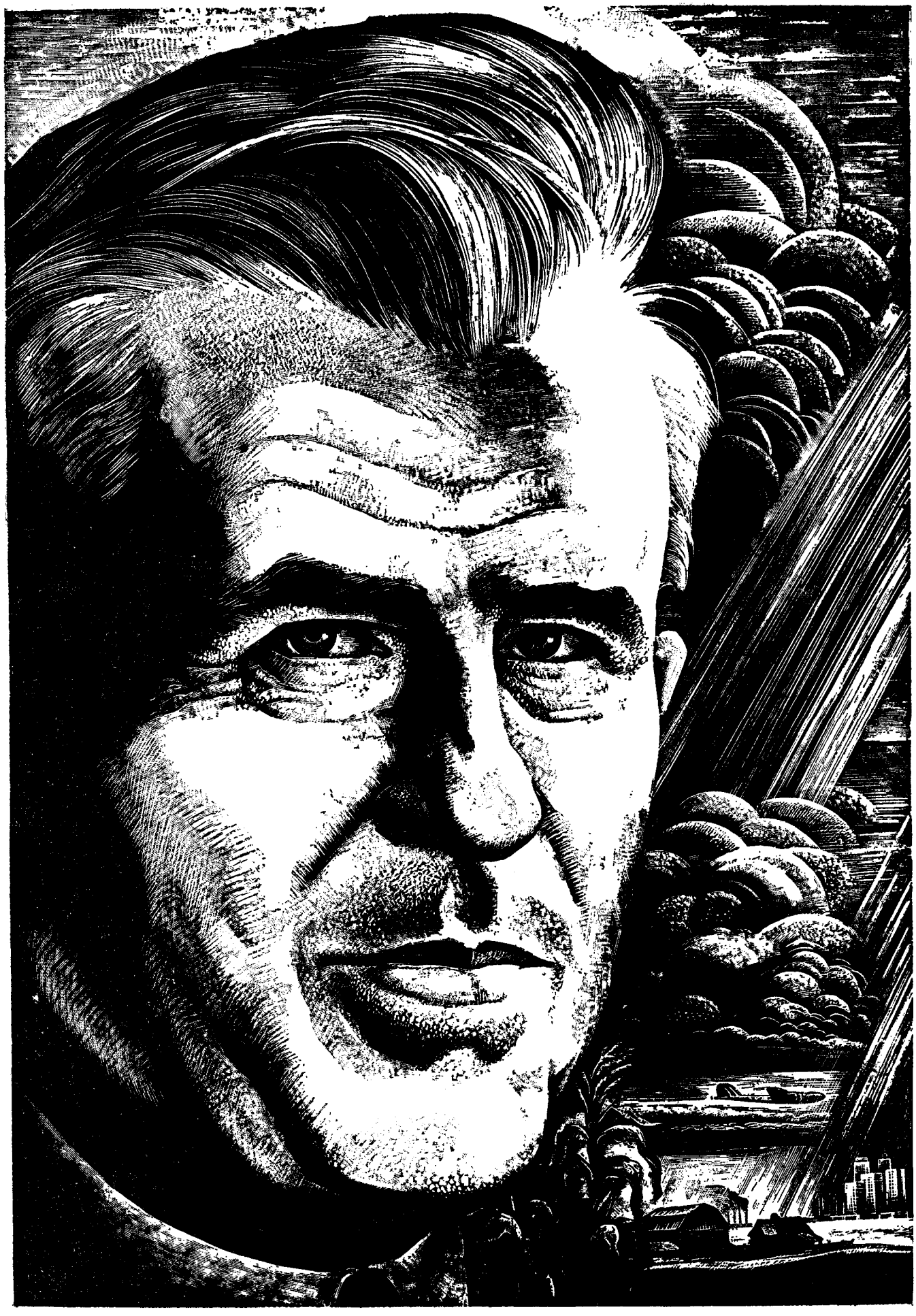

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STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

by Henry Wallace

I AM CONVINCED the time has come for an independent presidential candidacy. I believe in the hope of world democracy. I believe that this hope can be realized, for Americans and for all peoples, in our time. But I see this hope endangered by present trends.

I have been saddened by the sight of the richest, most powerful and, to me, most beautiful nation in the world being haunted by fear. Today, we alone of the peoples of the world speak as though Doomsday were just around the corner. We fear war. We expect depression. We await the destruction of the United Nations and the break-up of One World into two worlds. To those who admit the truth of all this and add: This is a time for waiting, I reply: We cannot wait; the welfare of Americans demands that we act now.

Our workers fear the instability of present employment. As their real wages fall with rising prices, they suffer a steadily declining standard of living, and they also feel the burden of new debts.

Our mothers and their sons in school fear the onrushing program of compulsory military training which will take a year out of the lives of millions of American boys for no useful purpose.

Our businessmen fear the instability of their markets. Thousands upon thousands of small independent producers are feeling, as never before, the squeeze of giant monopolies.

Our farmers fear their prosperity will soon end.

Millions upon millions of Americans fear to speak out against policies they know are dangerous and potentially ruinous. If they speak frankly, they know they may suffer loss of jobs and social standing. They have been intimidated by the current campaign which brands every progressive idea "communistic."

In the lifetime of my generation we have seen two world wars and half a dozen depressions and recessions of varying length. But there is no sound historic reason for assuming that a major catastrophe must be inevitable. I know that man has the resources and the knowledge with which to prevent both depression and war. To accept the inevitability of war and depression is to deny democracy. The companion notion that personal insecurity is a necessary part of our life is outrageous.

I believe in the old-fashioned American

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doctrine of standing up, speaking your mind, and letting the chips fall where they may. I am determined that the American people shall have a chance to speak their minds, free of intimidation.

The Bipartisan Bloc

Today we live under a one-party rule. No scrapping over spoils, no disagreements over strategy and timing, no amount of fine-sounding speeches and gestures for liberal support can obscure this fundamental fact. Our democracy lives by expressing the free choice of its citizens. Yet, on the basic foreign and domestic issues that affect the lives of all Americans, we are today denied any opportunity to choose. Even in wartime, party politics continued under Roosevelt. Now, in the third year since victory, a bipartisan bloc governs us in the name of an undeclared emergency. In peacetime one-party rule is a real threat to our democracy.

Of course there is an emergency. All over the world devastated nations depend on American aid. It was not to meet this emergency that the bipartisan bloc was formed. It was formed to perpetuate a foreign policy based on hatred and fear. It is made up of men who opposed resistance to fascism, who killed UNRRA, who attacked the heart of the United Nations in creating the Truman Doctrine, and who again bypassed the United Nations with the Marshall Plan. A coalition government might be desirable, if it represented all the people. But the bipartisan bloc is no broad coalition. It represents only a small minority of powerful interests. Rejecting our nation's history and traditions, it allies the American people with reactionaries and dictators who have no respect whatever for American ideals.

Only when Americans reject the bipartisan bloc and all the hysteria it stirs up can we move on to real progress at home and abroad. Millions of Americans know this today. Many more will come to understand it, as the facts are made clear. My reason in striking out for independent action is to give these Americans their democratic right to choose.

Our World Policy

When I was Vice President, and again after I returned from Europe in May of 1947, I came out for a comprehensive program for aid to the outside world. I am not and never have been an isolationist. I stood for a Marshall Plan before there was a Marshall Plan, but it was a plan to unite the world, not to divide it.

I have insisted that aid should be given under international auspices for productive purposes. I have always advocated trucks, not tanks; plows, not guns. I have advocated international planning through scientific technicians to increase the productivity of the world.

Some of the same reactionaries who called this "globaloney" now support the Administration's dangerous program for aid. They want political strings and unilateral administration. They are interested in political meddling abroad. They use the same language to sell their program that I used in presenting what they used to call "globaloney," but their purposes are far different.

It is curious to see men who have never displayed real interest in health, education and social security at home pull out all the stops when they talk about the needy peoples of Europe. They are not genuinely concerned with the welfare of those peoples any more than they have been concerned with the welfare of the American people. Their program of aid will not really and finally serve those peoples. In the long run their program will make us the most hated nation in the world. I would resent it if a banker to whom I owed money insisted that I vote for his man for President, against my own conviction. The United States is the world banker, and the present European-aid plan, under congressional action, proposes to tell the borrowers how they shall vote.

We stand for an America that can unite the world for peace. The Charter of the United Nations is our guide. In seeking world recovery we do not hold the Russians blameless. Neither is there any justification for trying to put all the blame on the Russians. If we should accept every criticism made of the Soviet Union, there would still be no excuse for an American policy which does not conform to American principles and American hopes.

There is no question that the American people want to help peoples abroad. But the proposed foreign-aid program does not reflect their democratic sentiments. Indeed, it may create an antipathy for future aid, *unless it is coupled with sound planning and controls here at home.* Rising

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prices resulting from foreign aid and the heavy armaments program needed to support a badly conceived policy, may cause housewives and wage-earners to turn from their devotion to the principles of One World.

The policy of propping up Greek reaction with American dollars, led by Truman, controlled by Wall Street, backed by the military and paid for by peace-loving citizens, has failed. Our first loan, sold to the American people as aid for rehabilitation, has been spent mostly on arms to destroy a few thousand guerrillas. Today the guerrillas are stronger than ever. For every guerrilla killed by American bullets, ten others are made by the terrorism and corruption of the State Department-sponsored Greek government. The love of America in other peoples is strong, but not limitless. And I say that our one-party coalition is squandering the love and moral leadership that America has earned over centuries and, under Roosevelt, continued to command.

A European Recovery Program based on the idea of fighting Russia and communism will be an endless drain on American resources. The Communists in France and Italy, who polled substantial votes in all postwar elections and have been forced out of their democratically won posts in government by the pressure of American dollars, will take foolish, though understandably human, action to defeat the American aid program.

Eventually, as more and more strings are attached to our aid by those who dominate American foreign policy, the Social Democrats and others will turn on us. Finally, the cold war will turn to a war with bombs and with soldiers lying in their Arctic suits in the Russian snow.

Independent Action

I repeat, our foreign-aid program must be free of political meddling, and this requires international administration through the United Nations. With its record of circumventing the UN, we cannot expect the present bipartisan leadership to fight for this principle.

I repeat, our foreign-aid program must be coupled with sound planning and controls here at home. A failure to control inflation here at home will result in a resurgence of isolationist sentiment that may be ruinous to all hopes of One World.

Yet these are present trends, and, because present trends lead to disaster, we cannot wait. For two years, with all the facts at our command, we have tried to awaken the established parties to the urgent necessity of taking action to prevent inflation. For a year we have looked in vain to these parties for some sign of willingness to work in a new spirit for world peace and understanding. The leaders of the bipartisan bloc have held fast to their basic policy of world division. Once we based our appeal on the self-interest of all Americans to take obvious and necessary measures to avoid inflation and international breakdown. Now we realize that this appeal, directed to the great selfish interests that dominate the present parties, is useless. All they can understand is the pressure of the people's will. And that pressure today must be organized, directed pressure; organized in progressive political machinery, directed to the achievement of an over-all program for progress.

Monopoly

The conquering of the carefully nurtured and self-perpetuating fears, which daily breed new dangers to our country, will require full exposure of the grip which the monopolists have on our national life.

The fundamental fact is that the directing of this country of ours does not at present belong to the people, but to a relative handful of wealthy men. The foundation of the government, as presently constituted, is not the general welfare, but the special privilege of industrial and financial giants. These giants control both parties. I had to sit in the chair of Herbert Hoover and Jesse Jones, as Secretary of Commerce, really to understand the machinations of these key giants.

Neither the Republican nor the Democratic Party can act for the welfare of the American people, for the primary concern of both parties is for the profits of monopoly. That is why the average weekly wage of American workers—$49—has shrunk until it buys no more than $29.50 bought in 1939. That is why corporation profits have pyramided to $17.5 billion, as contrasted with $5 billion in 1939. That is why both parties have shrunk away from genuine price control as if it were the plague. High prices mean high profits, and high profits are the major goal of those who control the two political parties.

The present exorbitant prices and profits were

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planned that way. They were planned by men who oppose democratic planning for peace and abundance. Shrill denials and scornful denunciations can mount to the stratosphere, but this will continue to be a fact until the American people regain control of their own destiny.

Monopoly control, long fought by Americans of every persuasion and every time, is not new, but it has grown until today it threatens every man, woman and child in the entire world with catastrophe.

In opposing it we are returning to the faith of our fathers. We are speaking once again in the American tongue, fighting monopoly as our fathers have fought it from the time of Jefferson to that of Franklin Roosevelt. Jefferson won such a fight in the very earliest days of our republic, even though monopoly capital as we know it did not begin to develop until after the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln, with his remarkable prescience, sensed its beginnings. In grave warning to the American people he said he feared this concentration of financial power might grow and swell and pyramid until it, and not the people, owned the American earth and the American government.

As early as 1888 Grover Cleveland declared in a message to Congress: "Corporations, which should be carefully restrained creatures of the law and the servants of the people, are fast becoming the people's masters."

In 1913 President Wilson declared: "The masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States." In Wilson's day the 200 largest non-financial corporations owned more than one-third of the assets of all non-financial corporations. By the middle thirties they owned more than 55 percent.

In 1938, President Roosevelt declared in a message to Congress: "The liberty of a democracy is not safe if the people tolerate the growth of private power to a point where it becomes stronger than their democratic state itself. That, in its essence, is fascism." And he added the warning that "among us today a concentration of private power without equal in history is growing."

During the war and after it, this concentration of private power has continued to swell at such an unprecedented rate that today it can be said: *Never before in the history of the world have so few owned so much at the expense of so many.*

Both major parties serve faithfully the few who own so much at the expense of the many. Both killed price control, both support the bipartisan foreign policy, passed the Taft-Hartley bill, favor the rebuilding of Germany. Weak, lip-service opposition is provided to some of these acts by the present Administration, but there is neither the will nor the power to fight the great financial interests.

The Third Party

Franklin Roosevelt, by the most masterful political maneuvering ever seen in the United States, brought the Democratic Party back to the principles of Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson. He humored Southern reactionaries, cajoled the big-city machines, and reconciled the most diverse regional, religious and racial interests, as he went to the people for support for progressive programs. But when Roosevelt passed on, the jackals were ready to pounce. In a very short time they destroyed practically everything he stood for, while still paying lip-service to his principles and program.

The Democrats, like the Republicans, stand silent when they do not aid and abet the nullification of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Both parties are apparently unmindful of the fact that the liberty of no American can be secure when the rights of any American are wrongfully invaded.

Neither party puts up any effective fight against racial and religious discrimination, for the rights of the Negro people, for the elimination of restrictive covenants and anti-Semitism, for the creation of a genuine FEPC, for the defeat of the poll tax and passage of a federal anti-lynch law. Neither party defends the First Amendment. Both stand mute while freedom of speech and thought are under attack. Both cry, "Red! Communist!" at all opponents and use the Red scare to cover up their plunder of the people. We pay $1.05 a pound for butter today, and commensurate prices for other necessities, partly because the American people have been distracted from the real issues by the demagogic cry of "Red."

These generated fears must be quelled. *I believe the American people must have an opportunity to express their hopes as well as their fears.*

My decision to help provide a means of expression is the result of months of careful consideration following years of political activity. I

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have tried for long to be patient and optimistic concerning this administration. I had hoped that a brightening international scene might make agreement possible. I hoped that the feelings of the people shown at all our great meetings this year might have led the Administration to progress. I still think I was right in waiting for as long as possible. My final decision was made solely on the basis of giving the American people a chance to vote for peace and security. Election laws in key states make delay impossible if there is to be an effective independent candidacy.

Election-Year Lip-Service

I am satisfied that progressives must control political machinery, or the principles they hold dear will win nothing more than election-year lip-service from the major parties. The Democratic Party leadership will pay more effusive lip-service than will that of the Republicans. Its actions will not be materially different.

Two years ago President Truman's State of the Union message contained a magnificent New Deal program. The Democratic Party controlled Congress, yet no significant part of that program was enacted into law. I am sure that the program Truman announces in this election year will meet the same fate. If any part of it is enacted by Congress, it will be because of the work of organized, independent progressives prepared to deliver votes, speaking the language politicians understand.

There is a great difference between an FDR announcing a program and rallying the people to support it, and the mere proclamation of a program by a politician who does not believe in it and is not prepared to fight for it. FDR is gone. The only substitute is practical political machinery manned by genuine, dyed-in-the-wool progressives.

Back in 1944 I made a fight against the corrupt machines and the Southern reactionaries in the Democratic Party. I lost that fight. Many progressives urged me to bolt the party and form a third party. Roosevelt, they said, had sold out to reaction. He hadn't, of course. He was making a compromise in order to win the peace following the war—to bring conservatives and even some reactionaries along, under his leadership, on a program for coöperation with Russia to win the war and preserve the peace. He was not going to insist that I receive the nomination if it would antagonize those who disliked my stand on domestic economics, the poll tax and other issues.

It is curious that some of those who argued for that course in 1944, who were willing to risk a split of the Roosevelt supporters at the height of the war, are now opposed to an independent ticket. I said "no" most emphatically in 1944, because Roosevelt was at the helm and there was a large group of progressive congressmen to be saved. I thought then that we could eventually win the fight against the corrupt and reactionary forces in the Democratic Party.

I retained some lingering hopes when I went out to campaign for progressive Democrats right after I left the cabinet in the fall of 1946. These men and women are of great importance today. There are many excellent progressives within the Democratic Party—a few members of Congress and hundreds of local and state officials. I believe that the surest way of getting them reëlected is to supplement their efforts with a hard-hitting campaign based on principle, not on political expediency. Such a campaign will bring out millions of voters who will stay at home if they have only a choice between evils in the major contest for the presidency.

The bankruptcy of a policy of voting for the lesser of two evils was demonstrated conclusively in the 1946 campaign. The CIO Political Action Committee then felt it necessary to follow that policy. They gave money and working support to "lesser evils." A substantial number of the lesser evils, who were elected, voted for the Taft-Hartley bill.

It seems to be generally agreed, among those who speak of the lesser evil, that the Republicans are the greater evil, the Democrats the lesser. It is thus admitted that our choice is between two degrees of evil. Personally, I have yet to be convinced that the welfare of the American people can be served by voting for any degree of evil.

The Communist Issue

Many of the friends who have supported my decision argued in advance that it was dangerous because the Communists want it. But I have never believed in turning from a principled position because it happened to win the support of others

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with whom you have important disagreements. I have been told in times past that I shouldn't fight the poll tax because the Communists wanted its abolition. I continued to fight it. The argument is no good.

During the past year I have been urging a foreign policy based on understanding with Russia. I was told that this was dangerous because the Communists wanted it. The alternatives were support of the present militaristic bipartisan policy or a retreat to isolationism. This would be a particularly dangerous time to leave the advocacy of peace and understanding with Russia solely to a handful of Communists. If we are to build a significant progressive movement, we shall only succeed by taking leadership and fighting for the things we seek.

I welcome the support of all people who sincerely believe you get peace by preparing for peace rather than for war. I want to mobilize all the sentiment there is for planning peace. I want the peoples of the world to know that there is another America than that which attempts to dominate their politics and dictate their economics. I want them to know that American workers, farmers, small businessmen and professional people are their brothers, not would-be masters. I want to kill off the Universal Military Training program, which is the entering wedge of military fascism in the United States.

Those who call us "Russian tools" and "Communists" as we fight for the peace, security and welfare of our country and the world are using the weapons of Adolf Hitler. They are demonstrating that they prefer war with Russia to settlement of differences in a peaceful way. We are fighting for peace with Russia—yes. But we are fighting with confidence that we can make our system work. We are not for Russia and we are not for communism, but we are for peace and for bringing real Americanism back again to the United States.

Our Future

There is talk that an independent candidacy is doomed to failure because of financing. It is said that many millions of dollars will be required for such a campaign. As sure as I am that the two major parties are controlled by big-money interests, and as realistic as I am about the opposition of the big-money press, I still have confidence in democracy. I have confidence that a people's campaign can be waged in 1948.

If money for political campaigns is to come only from the "big boys," then America has become what Russia says it is. I repudiate this idea. I think the people can still make the democratic system work. I am not worried about money because I know that we shall get millions of dollars donated by housewives, stenographers, professional people, workers and shop stewards, and others who will work with a devotion big money can't buy.

We shall need money and I think we shall have it. We shall not need the Wall Street-military backing because we shall build on fundamental principles rather than expediency. We expect abuse and we shall weather it, with a remembrance of the abuse accorded Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and their followers. We shall not let the House Un-American Activities Committee and other smear-artists distract us. We shall keep our eyes on the future and remain confident that in November the American people will stand up and be counted. Then the whole world will know how strong is the sentiment in the United States for peace and security.

* * * *

It is just over a year since I wrote in my first *New Republic* editorial: "My job as Editor of the *New Republic* is to help organize a progressive America. It is a fighting job; the most worthwhile job I ever had."

It has been a full and worthwhile year; now, although the task of organization is still the same, my own role has changed. From now on I shall devote my full time to carrying my ideas to the American people. I shall continue, as a contributing editor, to write a weekly page for the *New Republic*.

But since I cannot be both the candidate of a political movement and the editor of an independent progressive magazine, I am relinquishing with this issue my editorship of the *New Republic*. I do so with a sense of pride in the accomplishment of the past year, and with confidence that, under the editorship of Michael Straight, the *New Republic* will continue to be a much needed voice for a better world.

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THE WEEK

THIS is the first week of the New Year, when the President goes before the representatives of the people to tell them of the State of our Union. Lacking an ear in the White House as the President writes his speech, we offer these lines:

"We have set our feet upon the road of enduring progress. . . . Shall we pause now . . .? Shall we call this the promised land? . . . Many voices are heard as we face a great decision. Comfort says, 'Tarry a while.' Opportunism says, 'This is a good spot.' Timidity asks, 'How difficult is the road ahead?' . . . Dulled conscience, irresponsibility and ruthless self-interest already reappear. Such symptoms of prosperity may become portents of disaster! Prosperity already tests the persistence of our progressive purpose. . . .

" . . . Here is the challenge to our democracy. . . .

"I see millions of families trying to live on incomes so meager that the pall of family disaster hangs over them day by day. . . .

". . . I see millions denied education, recreation and the opportunity to better their lot and the lot of their children. . . .

"I see one-third of a nation ill housed, ill clad, ill nourished. . . .

"If I know aught of the spirit and purpose of our nation we will not listen to Comfort, Opportunism and Timidity. We will carry on."

They are good lines, as true as they were eleven years ago when President Roosevelt used them in speaking of the state of the Union in January, 1937.

GOOD CHOICE

FCC. As the public authority responsible for the licensing of radio, the Federal Communications Commission is one of the most important of all government agencies. Alone among FCC commissioners, since the days of James Lawrence Fly, Clifford J. Durr has stood for liberalism and for the independence of the industry. The last FCC chairman, Charles R. Denny Jr., indicated his general attitude when he resigned to accept an executive post with NBC.

President Truman's nomination of Wayne Coy, once a special assistant to President Roosevelt and now radio director of the Washington *Post*, as Denny's successor, represents a victory of the Democratic National Committee liberals over congressional patronage hunters: he is a first-rate choice. Republican leaders are planning to fight his confirmation.

CRASH WARNING

Challenge. The magic word in business circles today is production and more production. The idea is that inflation is caused by too much money and too few goods, and that as soon as the goods catch up with the demand, prices will level off and then sharply decrease.

The President's highly respected Council of Economic Advisers, Leon H. Keyserling, Edwin G. Nourse and John D. Clark, has effectively challenged this assumption in its annual report issued last week. They ask: What is going to stop this feverish production, backed by current high profits, from zooming past demand and slamming into price breaks, lay-offs and the Big Bust?

The Council provides no specific answer. But it does point out clearly that if hopped-up production is going to be our only defense against inflation, the US is due for a crash in 1948. Nourse *et al.* assert that the basis for continued prosperity must be maintained purchasing powers for 60 million workers. Marginal controls on credit and speculation, government spending, etc., are only minor first-aid measures.

The report holds that wages in lower-income brackets must be raised, that profits must be reduced and that real price competition must be generated. It opposes increasing the work week to 44 or 48 hours because (1) it is impossible in many industries, and (2) in others it is just a dodge to avoid overtime pay.

The advisers say that housing, with some government help, particularly in large metropolitan areas, could be the boost to this postwar economy that the automobile was to the last. Finally, they point to a tremendous latent demand for better health and education facilities.

The implication of this thinking, however, would seem to be beyond the power of the GOP Congress, with its NAM brain trust, to swallow. It means wage raises with no price increases. It means curbs on excess profits. It means sound and quite expensive federal programs to aid health, education and housing. In short, it means almost all the things which the present Congress has shown no intention of tackling in anything but a make-believe manner.

BIG FOUR'S BIG YEAR

Gravy. In the messy book which records the history of the packing trust in America, 1947 was a glittering page. It was a year of rapid price rises, led by food prices, particularly meat. And Messrs. Armour, Swift, Cudahy and Wilson, who among them handle 50 to 60 percent of the nation's meat, never dreamed of such profits before.

Not one of them made public any profit data for the year. But the United Packinghouse Workers of America, whose real wages declined during the year, succeeded in getting some reliable figures. Increases in net income before taxes over 1946 were: Armour, 61.3 percent; Swift, 69.4 percent; Wilson, 58.5 percent; Cudahy, 64.2 percent.

This is gravy on top of gravy, for

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the ... firms did spectacularly better in 1946 than in 1945, and much better than at any time before or during the war.

UNBALANCED BUDGETS

Report. Senator Taft and his Joint Committee on the Economic Report are not pleased with a dismal bit of reading matter handed them recently by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. In a survey based on prices in 34 large US cities as of June, 1947, the bureau has informed the committee that a family of four in post-OPA America must have an annual income of $3,004 to $3,458 to live "modestly." The average industrial American wage earner actually draws in the neighborhood of $2,300 yearly, says the BLS.

The standard of living chosen by the BLS for its survey was not exactly luxurious. The food budget for Washington, D. C., for instance, was $1,040. It allowed 24 cents per person per meal—or six loaves of bread, nine pounds of meat and 12 quarts of milk per week for the family, which is pretty skimpy. Rent of a heated (70 degrees), running-water apartment was $70 a month (no telephone). The clothes allowance gave the husband an overcoat once in seven years; the wife one once in four. He got a wool suit every two years, a light suit every three. She got four dresses a year. Medical allowance, including dentistry, was $184.

In all but the three largest cities an eight-year-old car, costing $350 after trade-in discount, was allotted to seven out of ten families. An allowance was made for taxes, but there was no insurance except a small sum for a policy on the family head. Nor was there any provision for savings.

The BLS, which keeps coming up with figures to make the GOP wince and had its appropriation slashed by the last Congress, is wary of "controversial" statements. But Ewan Clague, the commissioner who gave the cold facts to Taft's group, could not resist commenting: "Many four-person families . . . have resources beyond their current incomes—savings, life insurance, etc.—which they can use in aiding [them] to finance the added costs of living due to price increases. If they do not have such resources . . . they must buy on credit or go into debt to meet their budgets. Great dissatisfaction will come from the group who do not have sufficient resources to carry them over an extended period and who must choose this latter course." Dissatisfaction with whom, is what all the politicians would like to know.

EUROPE v. WINTER

Trial. Everywhere in Europe, people are doing their pitiful best to set up defenses against winter. In Germany, communities are building "warming halls," where large crowds can gather to keep from freezing. But without help on a substantial scale from the United States, especially if the cold is extreme, the suffering on the continent may be the worst in more than 100 years. This is the opinion unanimously advanced by *New Republic*-Overseas News Agency correspondents in these European capitals:

¶ London: The English will "muddle through," but are short, particularly on bacon, milk, eggs and potatoes. Britons now get one egg per week, and many weeks are eggless; bacon ration is two ounces a week.

¶ Rome: The worsening of the political situation in Italy has further disrupted morale. Rationed amounts of bread and *pasta* are barely maintained. But a record olive crop and excellent fruit and vegetable production make the over-all food picture a little brighter.

¶ Paris: Crippled France faces a gloomy winter. Most serious problem is her two-million-ton loss in coal production. She has spent most of her $328 million in stop-gap aid from the US as the result of the recent strikes, and her bread ration is lower than during the German occupation. Physicians say that 10 percent of the deaths are due to insufficient heating in the slums.

¶ Sofia: Bulgaria has insufficient food, but morale is fairly good. Housing is scarce, and there is considerable malnutrition, but no starvation.

¶ Budapest: Hungary is suffering from a major shortage of bread and flour, and the disappearance of potatoes from the market. Unemployment has risen to 80,000, an alarming figure for the country. The state is supporting 30,000 out of 100,000 war orphans, which has necessitated a cut in meals served at public food kitchens.

¶ Vienna: Each Austrian family will get 300 pounds of hard coal this winter, enough to heat one room for one month. Wood for stoves is unobtainable, and supplies of other fuels are almost as limited. The middle class is demoralized, and only hopes for a mild winter.

¶ Berlin: The cheese ration has been halved in Bizonia, and only one-half of the skim-milk ration is being met. Each German household has started the winter with a ration of 100 pounds of brown coal. There is a great shortage of children's shoes. Foreign relief can cover only selected communities. Morale is lower, if possible, than ever.

The Polish picture is blackest. ONA-*New Republic* sources there predict that much of the population will go hungry or starve to death after the first of the year, when UNRRA aid terminates.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN FEVER

DENVER (NR correspondent)

Infection. Although Denver prides itself on its tolerance, Mayor Quigg Newton's Committee on Human Relations has concluded after several months' investigation that the city is thoroughly infected with race prejudice. A committee report, issued by chairman Dean Paul Roberts of St. John's Episcopal Church, finds virulent discrimination in every phase of Denver life.

The committee provides countless instances of racial intolerance in employment, housing, public health, city services, hotels, restaurants, the police force and education. Restrictive covenants are common in residential districts; the city's large Spanish Ameri-

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can population is consequently jammed into dingy slums.

Another example the committee cites as evidence: clubhouses on public golf courses are leased by private organizations which bar Jews, Japanese Americans, Spanish Americans, etc., and only clubhouse members can enter municipal golf tournaments.

Job data. The committee turned up some noteworthy employment statistics. In 189 Denver factories employing 11,310 persons, Negroes held only one percent of the highest-class jobs —professional, supervisory, etc.; 33 percent of them were skilled laborers; and 66 percent had unskilled jobs. Japanese American and Spanish American employment figures broke down into the same general ratio.

Denver is not expected to do much about the report, however. The committee's recommendation for a permanent department of human relations, for instance, will probably be ignored. A clue to Denver public opinion was its recent defeat of a proposed city charter which declared for equal treatment of minorities, in an election featured by full-blooded racist oratory.

HEARINGS ON HEALTH

Two bills. Congressional-committee hearings will begin this month on two bills for nationwide medical care: one of them a piecemeal GOP handout, the other a Democratic plan which would affect the majority of US families.

A bill carrying the names of Senator Robert A. Taft (R, Ohio) and three other Republicans would grant $200 million annually to help states provide health care to low-income families, and would touch about five percent of the population. States would be required to set up their own health services and would have to match federal funds dollar for dollar.

The other bill, by Senator James E. Murray (D, Mont.) and five other Democrats, would establish a national-health-insurance system to be financed by taxes on wages and payrolls, like the Social Security Act. Murray estimates his bill would cover about 85 percent of the population.

The American Medical Association, which is supporting Taft's care-for-low-income-groups bill, argues that the national-health-insurance measure would regiment doctors and "socialize" medicine. Actually Murray's bill provides that every qualified doctor, dentist, nurse and hospital would be eligible to participate, but none would be *required* to do so. Patients could still choose their own doctors.

Economy-minded Tabers in the House and Senate who object to pouring great sums of money into medical aid might take a look at these figures of the National Planning Association: In 1943 one preventable disease—tuberculosis—cost the country $174 million. Wage losses are estimated to have been $181,627,000, and $348 million worth of goods and services would have been produced by persons who were unable to work because they had TB. The man-hours lost from TB alone would have almost paid for the emergency relief program.

Cause for Cogitation

After her butcher showed her a refrigerator filled with choice beef cuts at $2.50 a pound, Mrs. Robert Sevey of Washington, D. C., got on the telephone. Calling the office of Senator Robert A. Taft, she wanted to know why the Republican Congress hadn't done anything about the high prices and hoarding of meat.

Over the wire came this answer from Taft's assistant: "The Senator feels that there are so many imponderables involved in this situation that the question will have to be studied and weighed before he or his party can come to a decision."

CURE FOR COLDS?

Step. Scientists have long assumed that the infective agent in the common cold is a filterable virus, but in the past they have not been able to identify it. Last week the US Public Health Service announced that it may be on the way to an answer.

A USPHS release reports that particles taken from the nose of a cold sufferer have been transplanted to chick embryo and then transferred back to human beings, nearly all of whom came down with colds of the same type. These cold-producing agents are believed to have been viewed under the electron microscope, where they appear to be about the same size as the influenza virus.

If the preliminary reports prove correct, there is a good chance that scientists may be able to develop a vaccine which will create immunity to at least one widely prevalent type of cold, and perhaps to all.

PRESS CONFERENCE

ANN ARBOR, MICH. (INR correspondent)

The Red. After the meeting was called off, Gerhart Eisler, the man who was to have spoken, made his way back through the falling snow to the frame house on Hill Street where his friend Ed Shaffer lived.

Since he had a few hours before his train left, Eisler went upstairs and tried to relax his tight, plump body in one of Shaffer's armchairs. But in a few minutes Shaffer was sending up newspapermen. Pulling out their notebooks, they asked the little man what he would have said if 2,500 University of Michigan students hadn't threatened to mob him.

"It wasn't decent, of course . . ." Eisler began, but before he had gotten very far, a reporter near the window peeked out from behind the shade and said there were about 150 people down on the street, and more coming from all directions. They were throwing snowballs and eggs up at the room.

After a pause, Eisler went on. "I am a German Communist. That I do not deny," he said in a heavy accent. The drumming on the walls continued. One big snowball thumped into the windowpane, sending the shade up with a snap that made everyone jump.

Barrage. The crowd, seeing the light in the room, burst into an angry roar and the snowballs came faster. A reporter suggested that Eisler move away from the window, in case the glass

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should be broken. After he changed chairs, Eisler asked if a few representatives of the crowd couldn't be brought in to talk over the situation. Nobody answered. Shaffer suddenly remembered he had some literature to sell and produced a pamphlet which he sold to a reporter for a nickel.

There was a quick flurry of shouts downstairs, and a man yelled up, "They've broken into the house," just as the lights went out. Shaffer reached under the bed and brought out a couple of empty coke bottles. "Let's get them," he said. The reporters sat frightened and silent until one of them went to a phone and talked to the police in a low voice.

The men downstairs called on the Communist to come out and talk to the crowd, which had doubled in size and was chanting, "We want Eisler." Eisler replied that he would. On his way to the porch he removed his glasses.

He talked to the crowd for a long time, picking moments when the jeers subsided to argue his points. Late in the evening a car drove up to take him to his train. After he had left, the crowd lingered for a few minutes and then broke up.

DOCTORED RECORDS

Editor. An ill advised remark by Representative Robert F. Rockwell (R, Colo.) during a congressional-committee hearing last March has resulted in a demand by prominent Colorado civic leaders for an investigation of the alleged doctoring of records of congressional hearings.

At an inquiry into the Forest Service's land-conservation program, Rockwell told witnesses, "We don't want to hear the good [about the Forest Service]. We want to hear the bad." The statement was picked up and broadcast by Lowell Mellett, liberal Washington columnist.

In an evident attempt to discredit Mellett, Rockwell recently invited newsmen to browse through the hearing record and see if they could find the remark. They couldn't. Then the story broke in Denver papers; four people who had attended the hearing demanded a check on the way the record had been "cooked."

Arthur Carhart, Denver writer; Benton J. Stong, chairman of the regional committee for the Missouri Valley Authority; Randolph Johnson, secretary of the Colorado Grange; and Elam Underhill, Grand Junction attorney, declared that when Rockwell made his statement it caused a buzz of comment and expostulation among the people present.

The incident has provided Colorado with an interesting example of how a record printed at public expense for public information is frequently edited and deleted at the whim of the congressman quoted.

RAIDERS PAY UP

Fines. The attempt of 14 American Legionnaires and six Glendale, California, newspapermen to disrupt a meeting of the La Crescenta Democratic Club held in the home of retired fruit-grower Hugh Hardyman (the *NR*, December 29) has cost them $600 in fines from judge Kenneth A. White. The two big losers were H. C. Burkheimer, publisher of the Glendale *News-Press*, and Legionnaire Stanley E. Lord, who paid $250 each for hindering a public meeting and disturbing the peace.

Of the remainder of the men who participated in the raid on what they mistakenly thought was a PCA meeting, 15 got off with either suspended sentences or "case dismissed." During the trial Charles C. Hushaw, one of the defendants, testified he had been told that the FBI had approved the raid in advance.

NMU DILEMMA

Balk. The National Maritime Union (CIO) is in favor of helping our former allies rebuild their economy. But right now the NMU faces a situation that may sooner or later worry many US labor and industry groups as ERP progresses: shall the US build up industries in Europe which will take jobs and profits away from Americans?

Not only has the US restored the merchant marines of Western European nations to their prewar tonnages, but these countries are now using a large proportion of the precious steel they get from the US to build more and better ships than those we have given them. At the same time our own shipyards are virtually shut down, partly because of steel shortages, and 1,300 vessels lie rusting in US backwaters.

So Philip Murray and Joe Curran, whose first loyalty is to their members, have come out flatly for strings to ERP. They call for no further sale of US ships abroad, transport of all ERP goods in US bottoms, and no ERP steel to be used for ship construction.

Such dictation to recipients of ERP aid, however, would have the humiliating ring of old-fashioned charity. Moreover, to ship all ERP goods in expensive US bottoms would cut down the amount of aid we could supply. But it will be a tough job to convince thousands of US seamen and shipyard workers that they must give up their livelihood in order to restore to health the shipyards and merchant fleets of other nations.

PROTEST ON PAULEY

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

Way out. Ed Pauley appears to be on his way out as a Democratic Party bigwig in California because of his recent disclosure that he had made "substantial profits" from grain speculation. Headquarters of James Roosevelt, California Democratic-committee chairman, reports a stream of demands that Pauley be read out of the party. The oilman is expected to resign his post on the state Democratic committee as a result.

The departure of Pauley, who heads the conservative opposition in the state Democratic Party against Roosevelt's leadership, would strengthen the hand of the liberal wing considerably. The Roosevelt group is for Truman, but it wants a good progressive as a running mate, and wants more New Deal policy in the Democratic platform. Now that Pauley is on the skids, it may get the kind of delegation it wants.

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JAPANESE "PLUNDERBUND"

A plot involving the Zaibatsu and billions of yen threatens the fiction of MacArthur's "ideal occupation"

by William Costello

THE CURRENT DISCLOSURE of a colossal scandal in Japanese military supplies is undermining the legend that the Allied occupation has been an unadulterated success.

The surface of things is still serene, but there are backstage alarums and excursions. It can be freely acknowledged that unilateral control and MacArthur's lofty idealism have combined to make Japan's occupation far more tranquil than Germany's. Nevertheless, American officials are now aware that MacArthur's whole reform program is in danger of being scuttled by forces whose very existence was not even suspected.

The whole story is one of consummate duplicity on the part of Japan's old ruling classes. It goes back to August 13, 1945—the day before the surrender—when the Suzuki cabinet issued a secret order for the disposal of all army and navy supplies stored in 24,000 arsenals, warehouses and factories. The goods were to be distributed to all governing bodies and to any private firm or individual able to cart them away.

It is believed that 500-billion-yen worth of supplies belonging to the government were dissipated in that fashion before the order was revoked on August 28 by the Higashi Kuni cabinet. It is estimated now that half of the loot has since been sold in the black market, while the other half remains in hiding.

In addition to plundered goods, the occupation forces seized upon their arrival (the Japanese didn't quite have time to complete the looting) property of all kinds, with an estimated value of 240 billion yen—four-fifths of which was subsequently returned to the Japanese for public sale and relief distribution.

General headquarters has several times asked the Japanese government for reports on both categories of property—stuff looted before the occupation began, which is euphemistically described by the Japanese as "released goods," and captured supplies turned back to the Japanese, which are idiomatically known as "special goods." There has never been a satisfactory accounting.

The latest figures in the Finance Ministry show that the government has realized from the sale of "released goods" the paltry sum of 300 million yen, while the revenues accruing to the public treasury from the sale of 190-billion-yen worth of "special goods" now stand at approximately two billion yen. It is estimated that the government may realize another billion or so, but the grand total will be considerably less than one percent of the original inventories worth possibly 700 billion yen at official prices.

MacArthur's headquarters has volumes of statistics on the subject, but resolutely refuses to make them public on the ground that they're incomplete. That is undoubtedly true, because successive Japanese governments have failed conspicuously in providing data.

Yen by the trillion. In analyzing the Japanese "plunderbund," it should be recognized that certain public properties, like land and buildings, will ultimately be reclaimed by the government, and certain others, like food and clothing, have been used for relief purposes.

Nevertheless, vast quantities have been sold at black-market prices running anywhere from 10 to 100 times official prices; in addition, Japanese Diet members have estimated that the official value of goods still being hoarded is between 50 and 100 billion yen—which means that they may be worth anywhere from half a trillion to a trillion yen at inflated black-market prices.

The vital question now confronting occupation authorities is this: Who have and who are going to get their hands on these fantastic sums of money? The question is pertinent because GHQ has taken elaborate pains to break up the Zaibatsu combines, which formerly controlled 80 percent of Japan's economy. Stocks and bonds of those Zaibatsu concerns are now being offered for public sale. GHQ economists, who have sweated over corporate books for two years, figure that those securities are worth about 25 billion yen.

The colossal joker in the whole program, however, is that the Zaibatsu concerns, which are being officially disinherited by well meaning occupation authorities, have been the principal beneficiaries of the postwar plunderbund.

Very top secret. Diet members investigating the scandal say that postwar gangsters obtained perhaps one-fifth of the looted goods; the remaining 80 percent fell into the hands of the big Zaibatsu companies. No one will ever know accurately how much the Zaibatsu firms have profited, but Japanese who have been digging into the scandal for many months are convinced that the Zaibatsu have acquired illegal assets which are easily worth 200 or 300 billion yen—ten times as much money as they need to buy back through dummy purchases their old interests.

It is hardly necessary to point out the manner in which MacArthur's objectives would be affected if this conspiracy proves successful. And that it is a conspiracy need not be doubted. I recently came into possession of a document marked "Top Secret—Burn after Reading," which was circulated in the final days of the war by a group calling itself Tao Remmei, or the East Asia Federation.

This patriotic society in its instruc-

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tions to members declared, "The defeat was divinely willed for the purpose of causing people to reflect upon themselves and to mobilize their entire strength in preparation for the final war."

Elsewhere in the document, undaunted warmongers asserted, "We shall carry out reforms before the enemy lands with the aim of evoking his satisfaction. There can be no doubt that armament and warfare in the future will be entirely different in character from today's. From that point of view, temporary disarmament will be advantageous to the task of reconstruction. Preparations for carrying on our movement shall be completed before the end of the occupation, after which we shall inaugurate a vigorous political movement to bring the people quickly under control."

Planned inflation. The fact that this pronunciamento was circulated to a limited circle and may not be generally known to other Japanese does not in any degree impair its significance. It is probably an extremely accurate reflection of Japanese thinking, especially among those belonging to the old ruling classes. They may have been defeated, but they don't intend to be pushed permanently out of power.

The Suzuki cabinet's order permitting the dispersal of government property and the illegal enrichment of private individuals and firms was actually the opening shot in a nationwide conspiracy. It was a means of bankrupting Japan's postwar government, producing uncontrollable inflation, disrupting national production, depriving occupation authorities of the means by which prosperity could be easily restored under a democratic system.

If Japan's postwar government had possessed 700 billion yen in assets, the whole problem of balancing the budget, paying occupation costs and restoring a stable economy would have been vastly simplified. As it is, the Japanese have been able to play successfully on the sympathies of the Allies and have received help in a variety of forms which might not otherwise have been necessary.

Occupation officials, however, cannot shift the entire responsibility to the Japanese. To a degree, at least, they have let themselves be led like lambs to the slaughter.

The fundamental error of judgment was committed when MacArthur announced that GHQ would merely issue directives, leaving the Japanese government to implement them. The assumption was that the Japanese were not only eager to coöperate, but capable of handling complex administrative problems.

Events have proved this assumption to be unfounded. The present Katayama cabinet has made strenuous efforts to promote the MacArthur ideals but has largely failed, owing to inefficiency and bureaucratic sabotage. While the intelligence branch has spent its time snooping for cigarette peddlers and evanescent Soviet subversives, the bureaucrats and Zaibatsu have been getting away with murder. Virtually nothing has been done by occupation officials to see that MacArthur's orders were actually being carried out.

Monkey business. Superficially, there are new men in power in Japan. Actually, the stage has been set for the resurgence of the old gang as soon as we leave. The old princes of privilege are lurking behind bamboo screens, furtively throwing monkey wrenches and fattening their bank rolls at the expense of the Japanese masses.

Machinery has now been created for exposing the scandalous diversion of public property into private hands. Japan's chief prosecutor has been given more funds and a Diet investigating committee with unprecedented powers has been created.

If GHQ throws its weight squarely behind these efforts, it may still not be too late to smash the conspiracy. Seizure and sale of hoarded goods could help revive Japan's tottering economy; exposure and indictment of those who have profited fabulously from black-marketing would draw the fangs of the resurgent Zaibatsu. Tax laws which would strip them of illicit wealth would wipe out Japan's Capones as easily as they did America's.

Unless stringent measures are taken against Japan's socially impeccable underworld, it won't be long before the warmongers and cartelists will be back doing business at the same old stand. MacArthur's only chance to change the legend of a perfect occupation into fact is to crack down ruthlessly on the masters of duplicity who have been secretly bilking him from the beginning.

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THE LADY AND THE SHERIFF

Lucy Randolph Mason, a Southern blue blood, at 65 is in full battle for unionism, social justice and the rights of her CIO "boys"

by Lawrence Lader

MISS LUCY RANDOLPH MASON, a spry, handsome lady of 65 with a Plymouth coupe that has carried her more than 60,000 miles around the South in the last 10 years, hardly looks like the type of person who has shocked police chiefs, bankers and other pillars of society from Virginia to Florida. She has white hair and a warm, motherly smile. Her speech is the delicate accent of the Virginia aristocracy in white-columned mansions.

Since July, 1937, "Miss Lucy" has plunged into many of the CIO's toughest and bloodiest struggles to organize the South. Officially, her title is Southern Public Relations Representative. Actually, she is the CIO's No. 1 trouble-shooter. When trouble is brewing, CIO headquarters in Atlanta usually order: "Send Miss Lucy!" When organizers are beaten up, when union members are intimidated or deprived of their rights under law, Miss Lucy rushes to the spot.

In Tallapoosa, Georgia, for instance, a woman organizer was dragged out of her room at midnight by four armed men and five women, who abandoned her on a country road and promised to kill her if she ever returned.

In a Tennessee town, a mob carried two CIO organizers to the woods, tied them to a tree and beat them with leather whips.

In Hogansville, Georgia, a millworker's garage was dynamited just after he had held a union meeting there. "Next time the CIO meets here," warned one city official, "we'll get the house."

"Miss Lucy" has faced just such situations day after day for the last 10 years. Tough-fisted sheriffs have warned her: "If a CIO organizer ever

comes to my town, I'll put him under the jail." Another boasted of the notches on his gun for each Negro he'd killed. "I don't bother arresting them," he said. "I just kill 'em."

Big, strike-hardened organizers, who've captained some of the most rough-and-tumble conflicts in the South, can't be sent into battles like these. The CIO knows it would be almost straight suicide. "But after all," Miss Lucy laughs, "who'd hurt a little, white-haired old woman?"

The phenomenon of Miss Lucy's presence in the leadership of the CIO Organizing Committee has caused a rash of heart attacks all over the South. Industrialists and mill owners, who like to scream that the CIO is run by "furriners" and "gangsters," find that Miss Lucy is as eligible to sit in the inner circles of Southern aristocracy as a Vanderbilt in New York or a Biddle in Philadelphia. She is descended both from the Masons of Gunston Hall, and the Randolphs. One of her ancestors, George Mason, advised Thomas Jefferson on the Declaration of Independence, and authored the Virginia Bill of Rights. Miss Lucy's great-grandfather, James Murray Mason, was a US Senator. Her great-great uncle, John Marshall, was first Chief Justice. And as the indisputable, open sesame to the peak of Southern social position, her grandmother's first cousin was General Robert E. Lee.

The Randolphs and the Masons and the ghosts of other past heroes often come back to help her in her battles for the CIO. A few years back, when a leading clergyman, Dr. Arthur Barton, was about to denounce the CIO from his pulpit, Miss Lucy asked him to wait and rushed to Wilmington, North Carolina, to call on him. As soon as he discovered she was related to Robert E. Lee, he kept her talking for hours. They became friends, and his attack on the CIO was never made. Later his committee was even responsible for a resolution at the Baptist convention endorsing union organization and collective bargaining.

Again, in Danville, Virginia, Miss Lucy was desperately looking for allies when she called on one of the town's leading bankers. He turned out to be her cousin. "I can't help it," she laughed. "I have cousins all over."

Since childhood. Miss Lucy has been battling for the working people of the South since she was a girl in Richmond. Her father was an Episcopal minister; her mother the daughter of one. They lived their religion. In the middle of winter, her father would buy coal for the poor and carry it on his back through the snow to their homes. Once, her mother spent the night in Richmond's city jail to help a girl who had tried to commit suicide. After describing its horrors for the newspapers, she led the campaign for modernized penitentiaries in Virginia.

In her teens, Miss Lucy dreamed of being a foreign missionary. Then, in her twenties, she turned to social action at home. "If I had been a man," she once said, "I would have become a minister." Instead, she made the cause of working people, particularly labor unions, her ministry. "I cannot separate the ideal of loving God with all my being," she says, "from loving my brother as myself." Working as

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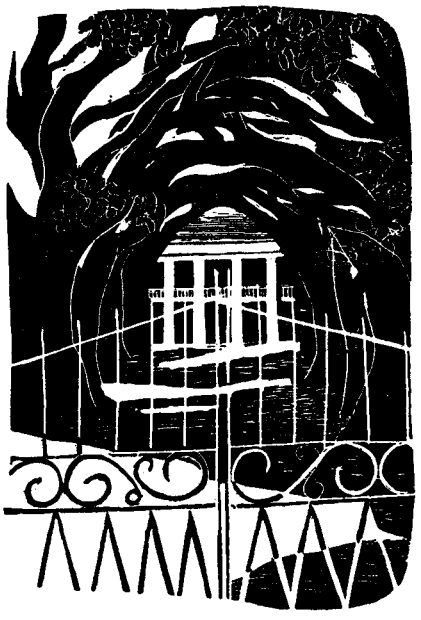

secretary in a Richmond law office, Miss Lucy was stirred to action by many of the cases she handled. When a local factory employee was ground to death cleaning a machine, his family received no compensation. It was his own negligence, the company's report said. A girl, who had three fingers cut off at her machine and was incapacitated for life, received $75. With no workmen's-compensation laws in Virginia, workmen could be injured or killed, and their families handed a miserable pittance.

A girl Miss Lucy knew in a bakery had one finger cut off by her machine. The day she returned to work, the other four were cut off. Miss Lucy rushed down to see the owner of the plant, and described the terrible working conditions and lack of safety so vividly that he broke down and cried. Later, when he built a new plant, it was a model for the rest of the industry. From that moment on, Miss Lucy decided that things could be changed, and that working men and women themselves had to fight to change them.

To give women a voice in politics, she helped organize the League of Women Voters and became president of the Richmond chapter. She soon found that in her battle for social legislation, her main support came from the unions. More and more, she depended on them for help. The Richmond YWCA appointed her its first Industrial Secretary, which meant she was concerned on a day-to-day basis with the problems of working people. She was appointed to the executive committee of the Virginia Commission for Interracial Coöperation, and led the fight in the City Council against a segregation ordinance and for Negro parks and playgrounds.

In 1932, the National Consumers' League asked her to come to New York to be its General Secretary. For the first time, she was fighting for minimum-wage laws and workmen's compensation on a national scale. The next five years brought her into intimate contact with top labor leaders. The CIO was expanding rapidly. "Here was social action," she felt, "founded on principles of brotherhood. Here was a movement which opened doors of opportunity to depressed and exploited wage earners." When she was asked to join the CIO's staff in 1937 as Southern Public Relations Representative, she eagerly accepted.

Now, 10 years later, Miss Lucy has covered almost every corner of the South. When she is at her home base in Atlanta, she lives in a quiet, three-room apartment on the outskirts of the city. The walls are lined with books and reports. She reads voluminously, and keeps up a steady correspondence with organizers and union representatives in a dozen states. She has fitted up her bedroom as an office, doing most of her work there, but drops in on CIO headquarters once a day for consultation.

Deeply religious, Miss Lucy is highly esteemed by church leaders. Both the past and present Presiding Bishops of the Episcopal Church, the Right Reverend Henry St. George Tucker, and the Right Reverend Henry Knox Sherrill, have appointed her as a delegate to church conferences.

On the street, Miss Lucy could easily pass for a retired school teacher. She dresses smartly, usually in black. She speaks quietly and rarely gets excited. But when she comes face to face with a police chief or a sheriff who has violated the civil rights of union members, her voice takes on a cold, strong fury that plenty of people in the South have learned to respect.

Taming the chief. Many of Miss Lucy's battles are already epics at CIO headquarters. Not long ago, for instance, she rushed to a Mississippi town where the police chief had arrested three CIO representatives without cause, held them incommunicado and then ordered them to leave town. As soon as Miss Lucy arrived, she called on prominent citizens to let them know that civic authorities were willfully breaking federal laws.

With almost limitless contacts, she found that she knew the Bishop, and after talking with him, was received courteously wherever she went. Then she was ready to tackle the police chief himself. He received her in his office, thinking she was one of the nice old ladies around town that he had missed. Finally, she told him she was from the CIO and demanded to know why he was depriving citizens of their civil rights. "Civil rights!" he exploded. "I don't know anything about taking away their civil rights. All I know is I'm not going to have any dangerous characters slipping and sliding around this town."

Four times, he got up and tried to show Miss Lucy the door. But she sat

DRAWINGS BY LENORE HIRSCH

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there coolly, taking notes. "Don't take notes," he roared. "You're just taking them for the FBI."

Now she knew he was getting worried. Even the most ruthless police chiefs usually quake at the thought of a federal investigation. "As long as you made the suggestion," she said, "I'll just send these notes to the Department of Justice."

Whether the FBI actually began an investigation, or whether the mere threat stopped the police chief, Miss Lucy will never know. But from that moment on, union representatives were able to organize without interference by the police. A year later, she stopped back to see the police chief. He greeted her warmly and begged her to sit down and talk. "That was one police chief who never caused trouble again," she says with a smile.

The protectress. Miss Lucy will do almost anything to protect her "boys"—the union organizers who are leading the struggle to organize the South. Two years back, when one of the CIO's most experienced organizers was beaten up in a small Georgia town, she rushed to the scene. The town was a powder keg. As soon as the organizer recovered from the beating and began to get around, a crowd of drunks would follow him, cursing him and trying to provoke a fight, which might well have resulted in his "accidental death." Miss Lucy decided that she could trail him just as closely. During the following dangerous weeks, she dashed down from Atlanta to dog his steps every time he held a union meeting or passed out handbills at the plant gate. "It sounds funny," she says, "having an old lady protecting a big guy like that. But I figured that the mob would think twice about attacking him if an old lady was there as a witness. I guess I was right, because there was no trouble after that."

At 65, Miss Lucy talks about the time when she will retire. But at CIO headquarters, they shake their heads. "Retire?" CIO men say. "She'll never retire. As long as there's a fight going on down here, Miss Lucy will be right in the middle of it."

Coal, Wheat and Pacciardi

by Claire Neikind

ROME (by wireless)

THE MOST encouraging aspect of the recent Italian government reshuffle—which represented a fundamental shift in the axis of control rather than a mere switch of palace pooh-bahs—was the addition to the cabinet of Randolfo Pacciardi.

Leader of the historic Republican Party and a tested anti-Fascist, Pacciardi was given final authority over the police, the army and all questions involving the maintenance of public security. The promise of additional Communist or rightist offensives and counter-attacks this winter make his job the most crucial in the new government.

While still leaving much to be asked for, the new government coalition has struck a parliamentary balance far closer to a counter-version of the Left concept, "the third force," than seemed possible only a month ago. Yet despite the obvious advantages to democracy of the step, it has not been an easy one for Pacciardi, who was its prime mover, to take. The man who organized and led the Garibaldi Brigade in Spain and who has devoted his entire political life to fighting for the principle of the republic had consistently rejected every invitation to enter the government since the liberation.

Independence. Until the House of Savoy was deposed, Pacciardi refrained on the grounds of republicanism. When the tripartite coalition of de Gasperi and the Left was formed, he stayed out because he "had no function in such an immobile government."

It was the Cominform and its reflected policies in Italy that caused Pacciardi to change his mind. For he believes that the Communists have decided finally and irrevocably to abandon the principle of collaboration and to fight against the Marshall Plan. The Communists' drive, he maintains, had been dividing the country into two blocs and was slowly but steadily forcing the Christian Democrats to the Right.

By taking part in the government on a frankly anti-Communist basis, both Pacciardi and Giuseppe Saragat, right-wing Socialist leader, have already drawn vitriolic attacks from the Communists. From their viewpoint, the more sharply to the Right the government goes, the more their charge of fascism against it is bolstered. "*Tanto peggio, tanto meglio,*" the phrase goes—"The worse it is, the better."

Should be thanked. Yet, according to Pacciardi, his entrance into the government is the greatest protection the Communists could have in Italy today. "Everybody, including the Communists, can breathe easier now," he says, "for the safeguards of individual liberty are now in the hands of those whose primary interest it is to protect them. Instead of accusing us and dragging our country's flag in the mud, the Communists should thank us.

"No one but a child could argue that Italy can live today without coal and wheat," Pacciardi continues. "The big problem for Italy is whether she can block intervention, from the US or any other country, that goes beyond just coal and wheat.

"If we Republicans had continued to refuse to enter the government, we would only have tolerated the creation of a stronger bloc of the Right. And even if the Left won a majority, what then? Italy would still need coal and wheat. Either we would starve or be compelled to join the Balkan bloc. There is no independence in that direction either."

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American Movers and Shakers: No. 2 *Singer, outlaw, showman and revolutionary, he fought for the underdog, probably killed his man, and was "murdered by the State of Utah." Ballads preserve the legend of*

JOE HILL: The Wobblies' Troubadour

by Wallace Stegner

IN EVERY IWW HALL there used to be offered for sale postcard pictures of the labor martyrs: Frank Little, lynched in Butte in 1919; Wesley Everest, beaten, castrated and hanged to a bridge in Centralia, Washington, on Armistice Day of the same year; and especially Joe Hill, the songbird of the Wobblies, "murdered by the authorities of the State of Utah" on November 19, 1915.

The postcard portrait is probably the most widely circulated picture of Joe Hill, and the one which has done most to forward the legend of labor's songster framed on a murder charge and executed for the crime of being an organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World. It shows a handsome, dark, broad-shouldered man in a flowing black bow tie, his eyes steadfast and his mouth resolute. It is a fitting portrait of the man who could say in his last telegram to Big Bill Haywood, "Don't waste any time mourning. Organize!"

Along with this postcard picture one should put the oil painting, now owned by Joan London, which shows Joe Hill as sandy-haired, with wide, sad blue eyes and a mouth tender, compassionate, almost womanish. There is an equally idealized pencil sketch by Chumley which gives us a steady, strong, clear-eyed working stiff.

There is also a picture, taken during Hill's trial, that shows him in prison clothes, the face bearded and gaunt, the head tipped back, the eyes lidded, compelling, somber. He looks like an El Greco martyr.

It is no accident that the pictures widely distributed by the Wobblies and widely published in the labor press are idealized. The process of idealization began when Joseph Hillstrom was still on trial for his life in the winter of 1914, and it has continued to this day.

Hill's sympathizers and defenders in 1914 thought the evidence against him flimsy, believed that he was being framed because of his IWW membership, blamed the Mormon Church and the "copper bosses." Their sympathy kept his name alive—their sympathy and Joe Hill's own songs—and it is their version of his story which has by now come to be widely accepted.

Hero to all. The biography of Hill in Dos Passos' *1919*, Earl Robinson's ballad, "I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill Last Night," the singing of Paul Robeson and Michael Loring, have built Hill into a folk figure, almost the number-one labor martyr.

The Communist Party did not exist when Joe Hill was alive, yet he is a Communist hero. The Socialist Party repudiated the methods of the IWW, yet Joe Hill, as violent an IWW as ever lived, is a Socialist hero. In his songs he is scornful of the AFL, yet he is an AFL hero. The railroad brotherhoods are not exactly brothers in spirit with the old Red Wobblies, yet the brotherhoods sing "Casey Jones, the Union Scab" as loudly as any CIO convert to industrial unionism.

Apparently Joe Hill is all things to all men, as his pictures show him with a different face each time. What is actually known of him, what can be found out? Who was he, what was he, and how accurate is his legend?

It is extremely hard to come at the facts about the IWW or about any of its members. For one thing, from 1908 to 1915 there were two IWW's, with identical trademarks and conflicting principles. One, the "yellow" IWW, was doctrinaire; the other, the "red" IWW, was dedicated to anarcho-syndicalist ideas and to direct action. The yellow group never became powerful; it was the reds who made up the Wobbly movement of the West.

As a direct-action movement, believing in sabotage and violence, the red IWW was more a revolution than

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THIS IS THE SECOND of a series of articles on American innovators and insurgents of past generations, designed as a tour of rediscovery and reappraisal of our liberal tradition.

To know this tradition and the continuing vigor and variety of its ideas is part of the vision we need as we move into decisive 1948.

The series began in the issue of December 22, 1947, with a portrait of Ignatius Donnelly by Stewart H. Holbrook. Subsequent issues will present portraits of Tom Watson, by Ralph McGill; Lincoln Steffens, by Robert S. Allen; Finley Peter Dunne, by Lloyd Morris; Sojourner Truth, the Negro abolitionist and feminist, by Walter White; John Wise, an early Puritan nonconformist, by Perry Miller; Walter Rauschenbusch, the militant Christian Socialist, by Ralph Henry Gabriel; and Benjamin Banneker, a little-known Negro scientist and public official, by Saul K. Padover.

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a union, though one of its first principles, borrowed from the Knights of Labor and the Western Federation of Miners and passed on to the CIO, was industrial unionism. As a revolution, the IWW was not popular with either the authorities or the citizenry-at-large, and Wobbly halls were subject to periodic raids and wreckage, with consequent destruction of records.

Individual members, moreover, had little reason to seek the limelight except during a strike or a free-speech fight. After the outbreak of World War I and the epidemic of anti-syndicalism laws, it was worth a prison sentence to be caught carrying a Wobbly card. And because the very nature of the IWW appealed to young and reckless men, to unmarried and migrant and footloose workers, it picked up among its membership a good proportion of people with police records.

Suspicion of the law, of newspapermen and of anyone outside the movement could amount to a phobia; as a result there are not many old-timers around to ask about Joe Hill.

One source of information is a story told to Ralph Chaplin, the editor of *Solidarity,* by a Swedish seaman who said he was Joe Hillstrom's cousin. Upon this account, Chaplin believes, all subsequent biographical sketches were based. The story is subject to some correction in detail, since the seaman, John Holland, was drunk when he told it, and was moved, moreover, by the beginnings of the idealizing program. Joe Hill was in jail, and his cousin would not speak ill of him.

West from the Bowery. For lack of other information, we must accept Holland's documentation except where it conflicts with the known facts. He said that Joe Hillstrom was born in Jevla, Sweden, in 1882; that he learned English working on ships plying between Sweden and England; that he came to this country in 1902, worked for a while in a Bowery saloon, beat his way West to Chicago, where he accumulated another stake and took off again for California by the harvest-stiff route; that he settled down as a maritime worker in San Pedro, where he lived in a shack with John Holland and was well liked for his generosity, his marvelous Oriental cookery, his abilities as a cartoonist and maker of songs and poems, and his sympathies with the working class.

Hillstrom did not, Holland insisted, use tobacco or alcohol in any form, and he was uninterested in women.

In 1910, the story goes, Hillstrom was in the mission on Beacon Street, picking at the piano. There was a Southern Pacific strike on, and Hillstrom worked up a parody on "Casey Jones." Strikers got hold of it, printed it on cards, and sold them for strike-relief funds. Before long Hillstrom was surprised to hear his own song sung back at him from a vaudeville stage:

Casey Jones kept his junkpile running;
Casey Jones was working double time;
Casey Jones got a wooden medal
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

Others besides the strikers heard the song. Comrade Miller, the secretary of the San Pedro local of the IWW, was one. In the end he signed Joe Hillstrom, and the future songbird had tied up with the singing union.

It is possible to trace fairly definitely the process by which the IWW became a singing union, a singing revolution. In 1907, Jack Walsh, an organizer working out of Spokane, conceived the idea of utilizing the methods of the Salvation Army in promoting interest in the Wobbly movement. He organized a band which played and sang at street meetings, and taking his own cut on a per-capita basis, Walsh toured the Northwest with a good deal of success. His guitarist, a professional busker who had been singing hobo songs in saloons, came up with "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," which was from that time on something of a union anthem, and the first actual IWW songbook seems to have been a four-page leaflet containing this song, a parody on "Where the Silv'ry Colorado Wends Its Way," and others.

When Joe Hillstrom, who was already learning to sign his songs plain Joe Hill, joined the San Pedro local, the movement acquired the man who could give it its own songs in its own idiom and with its own angry emphasis and sardonic humor.

Blocks of stiffs. Joe Hill's activities during the four years when he was an active Wobbly are vague. The same guitar player from Jack Walsh's band who introduced "Hallelujah I'm a Bum" as the Wobbly anthem, met Joe Hill twice—in 1910 and 1911. The first time, in October, 1910, the guitarist was on his way from a fire-fighting job, bound for Fresno and the big free-speech fight that Frank Little had got going.

In the Portland Wobbly hall he ran across Joe Hill, who had written a

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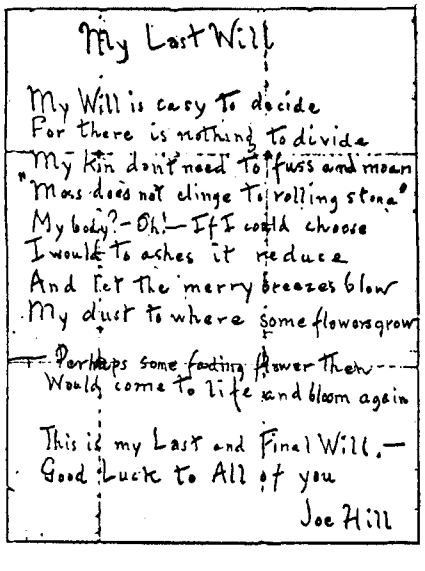
song on the back of an envelope and a laundry ticket.

The guitarist tried Hill's song out for the men in the hall, with spectacular success. That evening, at the suggestion of George Reese, the local secretary, he sang it again at a street meeting, with the result that Burnside Street was jammed with stiffs for five blocks. The song was "The Preacher and the Slave," which, as "Pie in the Sky," was to become the theme song of the breadlines in the hungry thirties.

Complications. The next summer, the guitarist was doing a stint in the Pacific islands bucking sugar bags. Before long, he was joined by Joe Hillstrom, who indicated that he had left the States because of complications with a lady in Portland. He appeared to have no visible means of support, though he was well dressed and had enough money. Once or twice he dropped hints about having "made a score."

The guitarist contradicts John Holland's testimony about the drinking and the women, and doubts that Hillstrom was a very good musician, since he tried that summer to learn the guitar without much success. The guitarist, in fact, took him for a stick-up man, and thinks to this day that he was. He was lean, tough, quiet, belonging to the general type of Western gambler and badman, soft-spoken but with plenty of cold nerve. He carried a card on the San Pedro local, but did not seem actively interested in organizing or spreading the gospel.


My Last Will

My Will is easy to decide
For there is nothing to divide
My kin don't need to fuss and moan
"Moss does not clinge to rolling stone"
My body?—Oh!—If I could choose
I would to ashes it reduce
And let the merry breezes blow
My dust to where some flowers grow
Perhaps some fading flower then
Would come to life and bloom again

This is my Last and Final Will.—
Good Luck to All of you

Joe Hill

It is certain that in 1911 he took part in the abortive "international-brigade" participation in the Mexican revolution, and was at Tia Juana with the outfit of "General" Rhys Price. John Holland says he was shot in the leg in this battle, but the prison examination given him in Salt Lake City disclosed no scars on his legs.

Sam Murray, who was with him in Baja California, says Joe joined a few days after Tia Juana was taken, saw brief action east of Agua Caliente, and within a few days was back in San Pedro. He was not wounded, Murray says.

In June, 1913, Hill was apparently picked up in connection with the holdup of a Point Fermin street car, but was released. Ralph Chaplin, apparently quoting John Holland, says he was involved in both the Fresno and San Diego free-speech fights, but I have found no other evidence to support this conclusion.

By the late fall of 1913 Hillstrom was in Utah. He went there unknown except for his songs in the little red songbook, just another stiff. He left there a full-blown legend and a martyr.

Conflicting evidence. It is part of the legend that Hill organized a strike against the Utah Construction Company at Bingham, and that his whole trial was a frame-up to get him for his IWW activity. But Hill does not appear ever to have worked at Bingham; he said himself that he had worked for a while in the mines at Park City, though at the time of his arrest, he was not employed. A letter from Fellow Worker M—— is the only non-legendary evidence I have found to indicate the reality of this strike activity of Hillstrom's.

Fellow Worker M—— says that he was on the picket line with Hillstrom in a strike against the Utah Construction Company. He does not say where. He testifies (strictly according to the legend) that Hillstrom did not use liquor or tobacco or chase women, and says that on the picket line he composed songs and verses to keep up the morale of his fellows.

These poems, written to fit the moment's occasion, were often better than the published ones, Fellow Worker M——thinks. He also says that Hillstrom was a fine musician and played several instruments and that his whole ambition was to get all workers into the One Big Union.

This may possibly be true; the principal thing wrong with it is that it fits the legend at every point and sounds as if it had come out of the reading of labor papers at the time of Hillstrom's trial. Also there was only one 1913 strike against the Utah Construction Company—it was in Soldiers' Summit, not Bingham, and Joe Hillstrom was not in it.

"I'm shot!" It seems clear Joe was not picked up because of his IWW affiliations. About 10:30 on the night of January 10, 1914, a grocer named Morrison and his son Arling were killed by two gunmen masked with bandannas. As they came into the store, one of the thugs exclaimed, "We've got you now!" and opened fire. Before he was killed, the son grabbed his father's gun and fired once. Neighbors, attracted by the shooting, saw two men flee the store, and two of them later testified that one of the murderers, a tall slim man, ran stooping, with his hands to his chest, and called out, "Oh, Bob (or "Oh, God") I'm shot!" Police later found expectorated blood in the alley.

About midnight that night Joe Hillstrom knocked on the door of Dr. McHugh in Murray, Utah, several miles south of the scene of the crime. He had a bullet hole through his left lung, and when the wound was dressed, an automatic in a shoulder holster fell from his clothes. He asked Dr. McHugh to keep the affair quiet, saying that he had been shot in an argument over a woman, that he was partly to blame and that he didn't want to hurt the woman's reputation.

Hillstrom stuck to that story when officers arrested him at his boarding house three days later (a deputy shot him again in the hand when he apparently made a move to resist). He stuck to it all through his trial, refused to take the stand in his own de-

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WOODCUTS BY FRASCONI

fense, turned his back on pleas to tell the woman's name and clear himself.

Even when his case was being reviewed before the pardon board after the state supreme court had upheld the district court's decision, Hillstrom would not listen to a proposal that he tell in complete confidence the story of how he had been shot, on promise that if his story could be proved he would get a commutation of sentence. He said he did not want a commutation of sentence. He wanted complete vindication, a new trial. It was nobody's business how he had got shot. And he did not know what had become of Otto Applequist, his roommate, who had disappeared the night of the murder.

Not that there were not strenuous efforts to save him. His trial began to assume spectacular proportions when it appeared that he was an IWW poet and songwriter, and when Virginia Snow Stephen, daughter of the late president of the Mormon Church, began to labor in his behalf. Judge Hilton of Denver, the labor advocate, was brought into the case. Hillstrom apparently said that he was the illegitimate son of a prominent Swede, which brought in the Swedish vice-consul, the Swedish Ambassador and finally President Wilson.

Since the evidence against Hillstrom was almost purely circumstantial, and since the state did not prove a clear motive, the story spread tht he was being railroaded. The AFL Convention meeting in San Francisco passed a resolution condemning the verdict and asking for a new trial. Tension between authorities and the IWW grew; letters poured in upon Governor Spry by hundreds; damning, pleading, threatening. Cables came from around the world, asking clemency, a new trial, anything to save Joe Hill.

To President Woodrow Wilson's second telegram, Governor Spry, his nerves beginning to fray under the threats and the pressure, replied very tartly indeed, saying that the case had been carefully reviewed, that both supreme court and pardon board had considered all the evidence and upheld the lower court, that no new evidence had been introduced by the defense, and that the verdict must be carried out. On November 19, almost two years after the crime for which he was convicted, Joe Hill faced the firing squad.

In his cell at the state prison he had composed the sentimental "Don't Take My Papa Away from Me." On the evening of his last day alive he sent his telegram to Big Bill Haywood: "Don't waste any time mourning. Organize!" And according to legend, newspaper accounts, and Sheriff Corless, who conducted the execution, he gave the word that ended his own life.

"Aim—and fire!" Like most other "facts" about Joe Hill's life, his last words are ambiguous. He had so far broken down that when guards came to get him he fought them with a broom handle, and had to be subdued. He talked a streak while they were making the preparations. At the sheriff's word "Aim," he shouted, "Yes, aim! Let her go! Fire!" Those words may be read, and have been, as reckless defiance, as hysteria, or as the effects of a hypodermic.

In a letter Hill had asked that the state of Utah not be permitted to hold his bones. After a brief service in Salt Lake he was shipped to Chicago, where Ralph Chaplin, "Big Bill" Haywood and others organized a funeral that amazed and awed reporters.

The funeral procession was lost in the crowds that jammed the street from curb to curb for over a mile. Thirty thousand people were in that mob. They sang Joe Hill's songs all the way to the elevated, all the way out to Graceland Cemetery. They listened to funeral orations in English, Polish, Swedish, Russian, Yiddish, Lithuanian; they sang more Joe Hill songs, they hung around the cemetery even after dark, still singing softly in groups and couples. The next day Chaplin and others formally observed the cremation of the body, and in accordance with the "Last Will" little envelopes of Joe Hill's ashes were scattered next May Day over every state in the union and every country in the world.

"Joe Hill ain't dead," says Earl Robinson's ballad, "Joe Hill ain't never died." In a very real way he hasn't. When the 33-year-old Swede was reduced to white ash and the Wobblies around Salt Lake had been driven out of town by Sheriff Corless and the harried Governor of Utah had at last felt safe to dismiss his armed guards, there was something of Joe Hill left: the songs.

In the Joe Hill Memorial Edition of the Wobbly songbook there are 19 of them; subsequent editions print only 12 or 13. Quite a number are sloppily sentimental love songs of the girl-pearl, skies-eyes school. A handful are the tough, angry, bitterly ironic expression of Wobbly militancy. They say in song what the Preamble said in prose: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people. . . . Instead of the conservative motto, 'A fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, 'Abolition of the wage system'."

These songs, "The Preacher and the

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Slave," "Casey Jones, the Union Scab," "Scissor Bill," "Mr. Block," "The Tramp," are set to tunes every stiff knows. They preach One Big Union doctrine, ridicule the bosses, excoriate the scabs and the stoolies and the finks. Very often they openly advocate violence. The earlier version of the second verse of "Casey Jones" goes thus:

Then someone put a bunch of railroad ties across the track
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack

The line was later altered.

This violent strain is characteristic of Hill's songs and of the Wobbly movement he wrote them for. The little poem, "The Wooden Shoe," is an invitation to sabotage; all his songs were invitations to get into the One Big Union, to leave the scissorbills and Mr. Blocks and company finks behind and join the brothers of the revolution.

And this is not revolution preached by a first, second, third or fourth international. This was a homegrown variety, sprouting up spontaneously out of the soil of an increasingly industrialized America, growing in bunkhouses and lumber camps and shingle-mills and ships and docks and jails.

Labor's expendables. The whole history of the IWW movement has indicated that the prime function of the Wobblies was to die, to provide the martyrs. From the Lawrence strike to the bloody doings at Centralia and Everett, the Wobblies demonstrated that they were the shock troops of labor, the expendables. Their violence alienated much of the Socialist and union support that they might have had; they never had a real program of a constructive kind; they could win notable victories and sign up thousands into the One Big Union, and then see them drift away for lack of a program to work at.

But they could strike; they could break down civic resistance and the civic purse by pouring in on a town for a free-speech fight, jamming the jails, clogging the governmental functions until the offending ordinance against street speakers was withdrawn.

Migrant, young, reckless, generally unmarried and without ties, the Wobbly had the kind of belligerent heroism that labor needed at the time, and a great many of labor's later gains would have been slowed or prevented without the blood of the martyrs in Massachusetts and Colorado and Washington. Many of the Wobblies were probably tough citizens, as Joe Hill may have been, but they went head-on into a solid wall of industrial oppression, and they went singing.

As for Joe Hill, I think he was probably guilty of the crime the state of Utah executed him for, though I think the state of Utah hardly proved his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. John Morrison had been attacked by robbers once before, in September of 1913, about the time that Joe Hill came to Utah. He had driven the holdup men away with gunfire, and wounded one of them. Dr. McHugh is supposed to have dressed a wound in the hand of Otto Applequist at that time, and it is a perfectly plausible theory that Applequist and Hillstrom went back to get even.

Moreover, Morrison had been a policeman in the past, and there is a rumor among some of the old-time Wobblies that he had killed a friend of Hillstrom's. Rumor is not evidence, but neither is the state's inability to prove a motive for Hillstrom's shooting Morrison a sure sign that no motive existed.

As for the story of protecting a woman, it will hardly wash. For one thing, it seems very unlikely that the woman, if there was one, would have let Hillstrom go to his death without saying a word. She could have revealed herself in complete confidence to one or two people and saved his life. She didn't, which leads me to believe she was simply an imaginative tale stuck to with almost magnificent stubbornness.

People like Stewart Holbrook and James Stevens, who have known and written much about the Wobblies, believe that Joe Hill was probably a crook. A Wobbly editor once told Holbrook that every Wob in the know was aware of Hill's character, but that he was blown up into a martyr for the sake of the cause. And every old-timer I have found who knew Joe Hill admits that he was a stick-up man.

Poetic knack. It doesn't really matter what he was. A far less authentic martyr than Little, Everest, Ford, Suhr, or a half-dozen others, Joe Hill was easier to blow up to martyrdom because he had the poet's knack of self-dramatization.

His whole conduct during his trial was dramatic. At one point he rose and dismissed his counsel in the middle of the trial, saying, "We've got too many prosecuting attorneys around here." His Last Will was brilliantly sentimental; his last telegram to Haywood a masterpiece; his ironic remark that he would get a new trial or die trying was calculated to extract an admiring snort from the most inimical; his statement, "I have lived like an artist, I shall die like an artist," had a marvelous strut and defiance.

These are the words and acts of a great natural showman, the infallible raw materials of legend, and they are in themselves almost sufficient explanation of how an obscure dock worker and sailor, a nameless stiff, a crude poet and a mushy writer of sentimental songs could also be the François Villon of American labor.

Even if one accepts the evidence that Hill was a yegg he remains

(*Continued on page* 38)

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE PRESENT STATE OF POETRY

by Robert Fitzgerald

IF WE KEEP a certain devotion to reality we need frequently to renew our attention to poetry. For it is the case with poetry, as with other thinking of importance, that we fall away so quickly from the perceptions it forms, and are at the same time, in a sense, so *familiar* with them, that we may feel no particular loss in giving all our time to more constant and ordinary concerns. But there is a loss. Probably to all who read, and certainly to all who write, the successes of poetry remain at the source not only of our words, but of great patterns in our grasp of things. And what has happened once, even though we have forgotten it, can happen again. If once we were affected by the notion that all our yesterdays had lighted fools the way to dusty death, we may be as much affected by other poetic intelligence tomorrow.

Eliot. The manner of our being so affected may amount to an "alteration of sensibility." T. S. Eliot has been able in his criticism to define this function of poetry, and in his verse to perform it, as few poets before him had done. To take an example of detail, the truth that at a certain point of life and of civilization April is the cruelest month is a truth about April that Eliot was the first to bring home to many; and his analysis of what tradition in literature means has somewhat changed the study of literature.

F. O. Matthiessen's little book of 12 years ago, now reissued with new chapters (*The Achievement of T. S. Eliot*; Oxford, $4) bringing it more or less up-to-date, is worth reading for its exposition of Eliot's thinking and for much plain insight into his art. The book can be read as a reliable outline of an achievement that is by no means at an end, and persists, however the scene may change in contemporary poetry, as a kind of touchstone

T. S. ELIOT

and a kind of irritant. What his best successors have found to emulate in Eliot's work is above all, perhaps, the mind that resists whatever the sensibility cannot confirm—a resistance rare enough among artists or others, but in Eliot's case both scrupulous and intensely dramatic. Without such an example, Robert Lowell's poems would not be quite what they are.

Robert Lowell. Scale, force and organization are the headings that suggest themselves for any estimate of Lowell's work (*Lord Weary's Castle*; Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). The first occurs to us when we take it in, for example, that the Lord survives the rainbow of his will; the second, when we are invited to see, among other things in our present world, all the bats of Babel flap about the rising sun of hell; and the third, when we consider how thoroughly put together his poems are.

All three qualities have a single cause in the poet's critical pressure on his materials. He belongs with the writers who write out of an emotion almost too great to bear—an emotion aroused simply by the being of things as they are—which becomes bearable as artistic equivalents are made for it. Of religious dogma, as of history, Lowell therefore exacts the immediacy and oddity of informed experience, using rhetoric as a kind of flashlight and blowtorch.

The result is new. It is a struggle to make true Christian poetry, and in this his labor is like Eliot's, despite the great formal differences between their work. As to these differences, it is pertinent to remember Eliot's early training in Greek, in Aegean lyric and speculation (a literature of fragments) and in the writings of Asia that are mere hints of a sensuous profound. On his side, Lowell has a strong Latinity and Roman grace superimposed on the New England sense of the old law.

In his elaboration of metrical effects, Lowell responds to the necessity felt by other writers and critics, especially Yvor Winters, for a demonstrable control of form. A convention, in art or in life, is worth exactly what is done with it, and Lowell has been able to do more with some of the conventional resources of English verse than any other contemporary poet. His poems are deliberate literature. Some of his early writing resembled the dark, thorny and burly thicket where Dante found himself; his later structures have become more open, dramatically at ease and dominating. His next work will be in longer forms.

Humphries and Hillyer. The simple lyric, a permanent mode of poetry, appears unsatisfactory if not foreign to Lowell's talent, and he almost never accepts it for what it may be worth. It may be worth a great deal. But its value lies in perfection only; perfection is rare, and this is why quiet lyric poets like Rolfe Humphries and Robert Hillyer seem less interesting

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DRAWINGS BY DOLBIN

ROBERT LOWELL

than they are. In his criticism, Winters has used severe and subtle criteria for judging lyric verse, and by these criteria (from which we should exclude Winters' tendency to confuse the statuesque with the classic) Humphries' latest volume (*Forbid Thy Ravens*; Scribner, $2.50) nowhere quite excels. His conversational grace gives pleasure, but not the pleasure of finality.

On the other hand, Hillyer's selection from his own lyrics of 30 years (*Poems for Music: 1917-47*; Knopf, $2.50) contains, along with many that are well made, several in which the emotion released seems chargeable to nothing but restrained perfection of form. "Julia's Room," for instance, may be classed with Robert Frost's "Witch of Coos" as a successful ghost poem. "The Dark Ocean" completes a symbol almost without suggesting it. In another good poem, William Blake's fair-haired angel of the evening has been faultlessly redrawn, on two planes of meaning. It is a kind of verse in which often enough the single lines, like the Pleiades, tremble on the verge of light but when read together form distinct constellations.

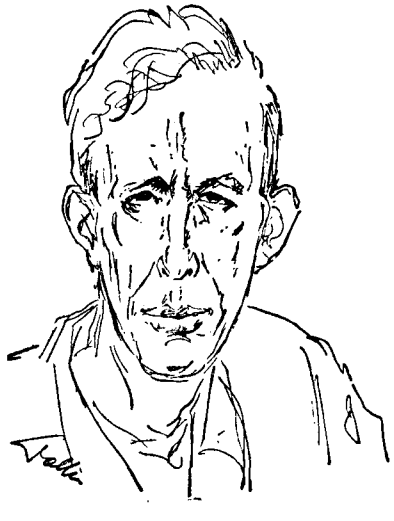
Shapiro. Poetry that is so private and unclamorous should have a place in our reading; so too must anything that really interprets the mêlée of present history. In Karl Shapiro's new book (*Trial of a Poet*; Reynal and Hitchcock, $2) the title poem, apparently inspired by the plight of Ezra Pound, has a chorus of poets who at one point declare that we live in crisis, we breathe crisis and do not see the end of crisis. This and accompanying statements are of a kind that poetry need scarcely supply, since any editorialist who had been asleep for years, and was talking in his sleep, could do so. Shapiro's best is not to be found in this piece but scattered in shorter poems, where his sadly sardonic and affectionate wit is shaped to lucidity by his meter.

We find ourselves in an airliner taxiing to take off when, as he tells us, we gawk and turkey-trot to the wide road; or in movie theaters with city crowds when he brings them into that dark, their souls weakly lit up by blazing screens. Two poems, "The Convert" and "The Progress of Faust," are sustained jobs of disabused fancy, more brisk and memorable than clever prose. Shapiro rhymes with too much facility, but he has put a dry edge on his rhyming to achieve, once or twice, first-rate doggerel like this on Pearl Harbor:

When dolls in armor from their toys
Scuttled our fleet with frightful noise...

The style is in the detachment, and in the sound; no hack could do it, but Eliot or Lowell could, or Pope or Rochester. So could Auden.

Auden. W. H. Auden, who has been imitated by Shapiro and others, stands off and holds public predicaments in the hollow of his hand; since he is one of the most prodigious craftsmen who ever wrote verse, he can easily juggle them. Several things in his new "baroque eclogue" (*The Age of Anxiety*; Random House, $2.50) have gone unnoticed. One is his new use of American imagery. Another is the fact that Part Three of the poem is acted in a landscape whose meanings are those of the human body.



W. H. AUDEN

I do not know what thinker some time ago guessed that primitive cosmologies were based on the structure of the body; at any rate, Auden, with his genius for the primordial, has explored some of the terrifying implications of this. It is to speculative, rather than "actual," experience that his poem is relevant. It is full of death-defying feats of rhetoric, and references to recent affairs which sound so brilliant that second thoughts are required to show that they are merely bright. For example, of wartime, "when everybody is reduced to the anxious status of a shady character or a displaced person." Either less, or more, is true. And we miss, as before in Auden's work, the whole precipitation of the major and realized work of art, responsible to common reality as well as strange.

Nevertheless, this is a serious and sometimes marvelous poem. If we are not affected, we ought to be, by an imagination that can conceive, as Auden does, the homesick little obstinate sobs of things thrown into being. The case may be desperate, but the writing is often superb.

THE PRESS LORDS

1,000 AMERICANS, by George Seldes (Boni and Gaer; $3).

IN THE *New Republic* of November 17, this reviewer, in a heedless moment, referred to the "heyday" of George Seldes. But he now emerges as author of *1,000 Americans,* a vigorous, all-out assault on the forces of reaction in America.

It is the Seldes thesis that approximately a thousand millionaire industrialists control the economic life of the United States, dominate its social

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and political structure in the interest of their reactionary ideas and keep the truth about their oligarchy from public knowledge by their influnce over the national means of communication. There is, he adds, "a sort of general staff of billionaire firms," consisting of 12 great corporations, which is "the super governing body of American industry—and politics." And he is by no means averse to using names.

As an old campaigner against the press that plays this oligarchy's game, Seldes is in best form when he sneers at the proud claim of American journalism that it is the freest in the world. Of course it is, he says, but that is all the more reason to scorn it for its failure to keep the public properly and honestly informed. As the result of its suppression of the facts of industrial and political life, "the American people are the worst informed among enlightened nations." It is the fault of our journalism, he adds, that, during the recent war, the vast majority of the public thought labor was unpatriotic and concerned only with strikes and the bettering of its own selfish situation, while free enterprise won the war. The truth, he recalls, is that industry refused to work for the defense effort in 1940 and 1941, save on the terms it dictated.

Nine young men. Like A. J. Liebling in *The Wayward Pressman* and the nine Nieman Fellows of Harvard in *Your Newspaper,* Seldes points out that the industrialists rarely need to bribe the press outright, since the natural orientation of the newspapers and the radio is toward big business. He has, however, a good word to say for such papers as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* the *Christian Science Monitor* and *PM.* On the other hand, he has nothing but contempt for the political cartoonists—"the last of the bordello era of journalism."

Seldes agrees with the other recent critics of the daily press that in recent years it has lost a large amount of its prestige. He speaks of "the general distrust with which a healthy-minded people regards its newspapers," but regrets that such distrust does not extend to the equally guilty popular magazines. Where the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, which joined with the National Association of Manufacturers in fighting such valuable social legislation as the Wagner Act, the Tugwell Pure Food and Drug Act and unemployment insurance, did so in public; the National Publishers' Association which is its equivalent in the magazine field, fought them in secret.

How free? There are, Seldes says, a score of magazines in the United States with a circulation of a million copies or more, and his report on them is bitter and outspoken: "With the exception of *Reader's Digest* and *Look,* every big magazine in America is owned or controlled or affiliated with the biggest business interests of the nation, including the House of Morgan and the National Association of Manufacturers." In the case of the *Reader's Digest,* he finds "a great tragic paradox of our time. . . . It is not owned by any corporate or corrupting interests, nor does it invite corruption by taking advertising and coming into contract with the public-relations propagandists of the multimillionaire advertising," and yet it remains one of the most reactionary forces in American life. His opinion of *Time* and *Newsweek* is especially low.

Although his detailed assault on the reactionary activities and ownership of the newspapers and magazines is lively, Seldes makes them only a part of his general indictment. For his ammunition, and he doesn't use it sparingly, he goes as far back as the days of the overrated Theodore Roosevelt, the La Follette Committee investigation of anti-labor activities, the Nye Committee looking into the munitions interests, and the early Un-American Activities Committee, which actually investigated fascism in the United States.

Of course, the NAM, the US Chamber of Commerce, the Morgans, Henry Luce, the power interests, Anaconda Copper, the anti-Roosevelt Liberty League, Herbert Hoover, Frank E. Gannett, Hearst, Thomas W. Lamont, Merwin K. Hart's National Economic Council, and such organizations as the Sentinels and the Crusaders are on his list for detailed and indignant study. In passing, he manages to get in some commendable blows at the activities of George Sokolsky and Fulton Lewis Jr., the shift from liberalism to reaction of Mark Sullivan, the anti-Russian hysteria of William C. Bullitt, the dubious political orientation of the Buchman Movement, the attempt of an early American fascist group to get the late General Smedley Butler to lead a march on Washington, and any number of other reactionary flora and fauna.

Regrets. *1,000 Americans* goes about its task of exposing reaction and its domination of our political and economic life with such zeal and vigor, and frequently with such excellent results, that it is an interesting and valuable experience to watch its author at

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work. While continuing to approve what he has to say, I must express two regrets. One is that he is not more careful about details. He must know that it is Theodore H., not William H. White, and J. Fred Essary, not Essaray, as well as that, unhappily, FDR was not President "after the Second World War." The other regret is that the angry Seldes tones are not occasionally altered to a note of more quiet and urbane persuasion.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER

TOUCHSTONE FOR ETHICS, by T. H. Huxley and Julian Huxley (Harper; $3).

THE THEORY of Darwinism jostled established concepts of ethics and morality as rudely as the astronomical discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo upset the religious and scientific beliefs of their day. T. H. Huxley, in an 1893 lecture, saw an irreconcilable conflict between the "cosmic process" of natural evolution, or survival of the fittest, and the "ethical process," or "evolution of the feelings out of which the primitive bonds of human society are so largely forged, into the organized and personified sympathy we call conscience." Although he acknowledges that ethics evolved as human society evolved, he nevertheless, as Julian Huxley points out, accepts the ethical beliefs of his time as fixed and self-evident.

Man, says T. H. Huxley, having reached the top of the natural order "in virtue of his success in the struggle for existence," now finds that the same qualities which aided his ascent are his greatest defects, and must henceforth wage an unending war against the "cosmic process" in order to maintain his ethical progress. However, he concludes, there is "a solid foundation . . . for the hope that such an enterprise [control of the cosmic process] may meet with a good measure of success."

Fifty years later, Julian Huxley, supported by Freud and the Mendelians, is able to resolve his grandfather's conflict and fit ethics into the framework of evolution. In an age when previously accepted moral standards are being questioned and reëxamined, he finds ethics is not a body of fixed principles but "a product of evolution and itself evolving" as an integral part of the continuing evolutionary process that affects "the whole of the phenomena of life," from inorganic matter to human societies.

Conscience. Biology and psychology show, he points out, that individual ethics—T. H. Huxley's "conscience"—is not intuitive in man but evolves partially from the combination of genes that make up an individual and determine his temperament, even more largely from the constant love-hate, expression-repression conflict in his life, which begin at birth in the infant-mother relationship. The guilt sense this develops is, in turn, influenced by the evolving ethics of the society in which he lives.

In the time of Christ, Julian Huxley observes, the institution of slavery was so essential a part of society that the early Christians never questioned its morality, even while they preached the brotherhood of man. Later, when economic and technical development, or social evolution, had reached a point where slavery could be abandoned, the ethical principle of the right of the individual demanded its abolition. In the same way, today, with the degree of scientific and technical proficiency which we have attained, Julian Huxley believes "it can and should be regarded as immoral to leave any human being below certain standards of physical and mental welfare and development," or "to let anything stand in the way of producing that degree of international order which will free the world from its major burdens of disunity, both as regards war and economic competition." Thus in social evolution, ethics becomes an agent as well as a product.

T. H. Huxley's shrewd and literate presentation of an antithesis between the natural and the human process has a historical interest. Julian Huxley's twentieth-century counterpart has an immediate application, for by accepting an evolutionary theory of ethics, he is able to demonstrate the "rightness" of the idea of democracy and the "wrongness" of the fascist state. Since all evolution tends toward greater development of individual characteristics, a society which allows the greatest expression of the individual is following the whole evolutionary process; and a society which suppresses it, whatever its immediate benefits appear to be, is counter to the universal idea of progress or evolution. The major ethical problem of our time, then, is "to achieve global unity for man" to allow "the maximum level of individual development."

Morality. Besides his 1943 lecture, Julian Huxley has contributed to the book a concise introduction in which he traces the development of naturalistic and evolutionary theories of ethics and places his grandfather's contribution in its historical context. In a somewhat rambling conclusion, he attacks his brother Aldous for his retreat into mysticism, on the grounds that this denies the evolutionary idea of progress and repudiates the individual's "moral duty" to take part in society. The individual and his full development are the end, but society, Julian Huxley maintains, is the means by which this end is achieved for all men. There is a slight trace of family irritation in these passages that suggests an argument carried out long-distance. However, Julian Huxley's scientific affirmation of his own belief in moral progress and an evolving ethical system has a practical and convincing optimism.

ANNE L. GOODMAN

BRILLIANT HALF-TRUTHS

A DELIBERATE NOVELIST—one who conceives his work as art and explores his medium with intelligence—deserves respect at least for his intentions. But in any persistent reader of the dreary scribblings called contemporary fiction, a sense of proportion has been replaced by a sense of disgust, so that one is too ready to take any serious intention for the deed. Robert Gibbons is a deliberate novelist,

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and the problem is to control enthusiasm for his second novel, *The Patchwork Time* (Knopf; $3).

When Johnny Somers arrives in the Southern town of Pineboro, he is 21 years old, but "still a child in his mind and flesh, even though he talked and walked and dressed like a man." His obsession is to rid himself of this irksome innocence—in short, to investigate materially "the harem in his mind." This search for maturity is the theme of the book. It was originally conceived in ironical terms perfectly suited to such a febrile subject. The mission of the child, Johnny, is to teach history in Pineboro, a raw town of gossip, where everything "got out." Believing that "the heart's sustenance is a matter of roots," he tries to grow up away from home, among people who never have. This prevalent immaturity is exemplified in the tone of perfervid adolescent sexuality that saturates the book. In the most intimate relationships, "they could mean and mean and mean, and deep inside have the back door that was for walking out when the time came." The various love stories worked into the main narrative appear, significantly, only as finished affairs, dead, stuck full of wisecracks.

But the purpose of the book is best served by the prose. Here Gibbons has appropriated all the Joycean apparatus of punning, alliteration "portmanteau words," utilizing local pornography, slang and the conversation of people "jawing aimless nonsense among themselves." At times he achieves original and impressive effects with his sensitive forcing of the "American language."

The collapse of the book, however, is evident just here. Infatuated with his skill, the author becomes the victim of mere verbal suggestion and is handed on helplessly from ambiguity to innuendo, incapable of resistance. A language admirably suited to irony (and exclusively irony) is finally exploited to eulogize and sentimentalize the very persons and attitudes which, in the best passages of the book, it assesses and condemns. Gibbons, in a wave of sympathy which is personally admirable but artistically fatal, takes his prurient characters at their own evaluation. The heroine who was, originally, "just what the good Lord made her," elaborates that verbal economy and metamorphosis into the good woman who administers the healing touch to the hero.

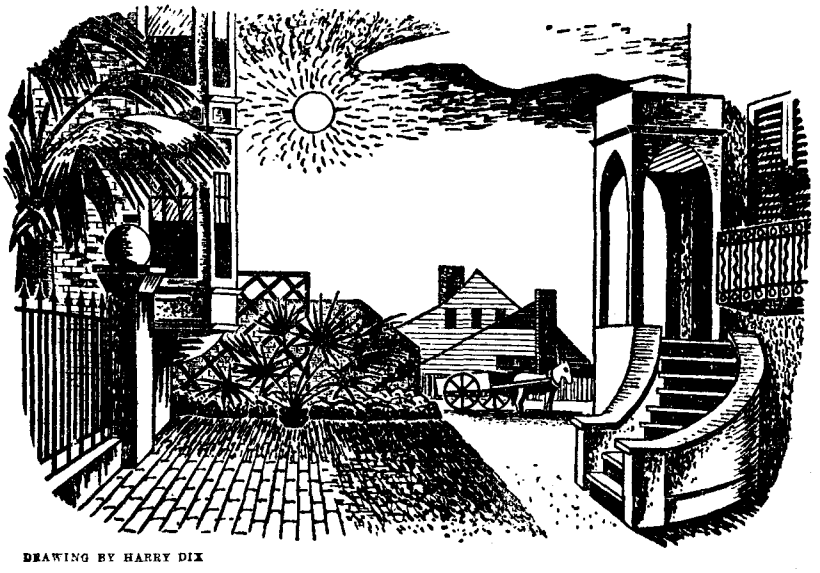
And we are left with the half-truth, which we might have guessed before Gibbons exerted his sometimes brilliant efforts, that brutes, lechers, whores and heels are just plain folks for all that. JOHN FARRELLY

A READER'S LIST

The World Within, edited by Mary Louise Aswell; introduction and notes by Frederic Wertham, M.D. (Whittlesey House; $3). This is an anthology of 15 selections from such writers as Dostoevsky, Proust, Henry James, Conrad Aiken, Chekhov, Eudora Welty and Robert M. Coates. Mrs. Aswell has discussed each story as an example of literary achievement, while Dr. Wertham follows with a psychiatric analysis. Particularly interesting are: Chekhov's story, "The Black Monk," which is an account of the gradual disintegration of a mind; Aiken's dreamy, lovely "Silent Snow, Secret Snow"; and Kafka's famous story, "Metamorphosis," in which the main character is transformed into a huge, man-sized cockroach. The selection from Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground* is an excellent one.

The Purple Plain, by H. E. Bates (Little, Brown; $2.75). A novel of a disillusioned young English squadron leader, Forrester, and a college-bred Burmese girl, Anna, who "brings back" his will to live. Because his English wife had been killed on their wedding night by a German bomb, Forrester volunteers for hazardous missions in Europe, in the attempt also to be killed. At last he is transferred to Burma, where he is tortured now by the heat as well as by his secret wish for death; and there he meets Anna. The novel should end here, but Bates goes on, to complicate the plot. Forrester is again given a simple mission, which this time results in a forced landing and, ironically, what seems to be sure death; through forest and jungle, and carrying his wounded navigator on his back, Forrester returns to the village and Anna.

Sunspots in Action, by Harlan True Stetson (Ronald Press; $3.50). A lively summary of what is known today about sunspots and their effect upon organic life on this planet. The author, director of the Cosmic Terrestial Research Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, reports on the controversial question of possible influence of sunspots on economic affairs, but refrains from committing himself to a position one way or the other.



DRAWING BY HARRY DIX

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BUSINESS: End of a Session

UNDER THE NATION'S Christmas tree the Santa Claus with the long trunk and floppy ears left some gaudy packages. At the same time, the GOP leadership in Congress served notice that it intends to make the country accept its gifts, and pay for them, too. The danger is that the public will toss off the antics of Congress as political maneuverings instead of the tightly knit conception of economics that they are.

Take the simplest and most obvious congressional caper, the to-do about commodity speculators. Despite the fact that it would have been good politics, the Republican Senators tried to block a bill authorizing Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson to make public the large-scale operators, thus exposing them to public condemnation and building up public demand for regulatory legislation.

Clearly, the Republicans—and conservative Democrats who go along with them—think there is nothing wrong with speculation, even though it feeds the fires of inflation and heightens the danger of precipitous collapse. For a year they have bottled up in committee a bill to curb raids on the commodity markets by gamblers encouraged by the thin margin requirements of the exchanges. They wanted to get Edwin W. Pauley, but when they had to choose between that and covering up for the really big operators, the powers-that-be were perfectly willing to let him go. Only some smart Democratic politicking smoked the GOP out and forced passage of the bill.

Inflation. Not since 1929 has any political leadership been so willing to flout public sentiment in order to protect big business from criticism. The same can be said for the cynical take-it-or-nothing attitude toward inflation. Though continued price rises would probably ensure a Republican defeat in the fall, this elementary political consideration was outweighed by the business-can-do-no-wrong formula. The Republicans came out for voluntary control of prices by industry—knowing full well that, with few exceptions, our prices always have been administered by voluntary understanding. Then they dug deep into their mid-nineteenth-century bag of convictions to come up with the suggestion that we suspend the anti-trust laws, a bare-faced invitation to business to codify its private agreements into legally binding contracts.

The cagier Democrats again turned on the spotlight and the Republicans had to back up—but not much. What finally passed is certainly no curb on inflation. In fact, the business page of the usually cautious New York *Times* labeled it "a spur to inflation." A group of businessmen surveyed by the *Times* could find "no single product in which lower prices are expected as a result of the anti-inflation program." The businessmen did say that "the authorization of voluntary agreements coupled with limited immunity from prosecution under anti-trust laws would benefit business in 1948." Which is, of course, the way Taft, Wolcott & Co. meant it.

And the stock market, index of insider opinion, moved upward in the face of heavy selling for tax purposes. Commented a Hearst financial writer: "Obviously the market has no fears of the pussy-foot anti-inflation measure that Congress put through."

Sharing the tax. For sheer political nose-thumbing, the prize goes to Knutson's tax bill. The four-percent increase in take-home pay for the $3,000-income group is a gesture which Knutson says makes his bill "veto-proof." And well it may, for last year labor leaders were so desperate for some relief for their members that they almost went along with a tax cut. But the Knutson price of relief for the wage-earning groups was then—as it is now—progressively higher cuts for upper-bracket families, reaching a handsome 67-percent donation to the $500,000 bracket. The economics of this is strictly the NAM argument that wealthy people need money to invest. Investment means new plants, new machinery, more production—and everyone wants that.

But where are you going to get steel and building materials and machinery these days? We are working at full capacity, and more money can't make more steel mills overnight. As a matter of fact, giving business added funds to work with will set them bidding against one another for steel, for lumber, for all the basic raw materials. And it will divert resources to the production of heavy goods, siphoning them away from the consumer-goods industries. This can only force prices higher.

This bill would add six or seven billion dollars to the cash in the hands of US spenders. It will add to the competition among consumers for our limited supplies of meat. It will increase the bids for steel on the gray market. It would add nothing to the volume of goods that could be produced in the foreseeable future.

Malice aforethought. Added together, the antics of the special session represent an economic point of view that hasn't been so volubly advocated since the days when Mark Hanna ran the McKinley Congresses. It proposes to increase the take-home pay of the top brackets even if it menaces national economic stability. It protects chicanery if it is in the name of free private speculation, even at the expense of the price structure. On the grounds that the well-to-do need more money to assure their initiative and investment in our way of life, it virtually compels organized labor to demand higher wages. And it does all this in the face of the probability that it will bring the public wrath down on the whole system of private capitalism.

Don't toss this off as cheap politics. It's a thoroughly thought through economic fanaticism—and it's dangerous.

HAROLD WOLFF

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FARM: Butter's Had Its Day

LOOK AT IT—smell of it—no hurry—make it thorough. There now—what do you say? Butter, ain't it? Not by a thundering sight—it's oleomargarine! Yes, sir, that's what it is—oleomargarine. You can't tell it from butter; by George, an *expert* can't! . . . You are going to see the day, pretty soon, when you can't find an ounce of butter to bless yourself with, in any hotel in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, outside of the biggest cities. Why, we are turning out oleomargarine *now* by the thousands of tons. And we can sell it so dirt-cheap that the whole country has *got* to take it—can't get around it, you see. Butter don't stand any show—there ain't any chance for competition. Butter's had *its* day—and from this out, butter goes to the wall. – From *Life on the Mississippi*, by Mark Twain.

But Mark Twain was wrong. Senator J. William Fulbright's (D, Ark.) speech on the floor of the Senate December 18 and the introduction of his bill to repeal federal taxes on oleomargarine was partly the result of the mounting indignation of housewives about the high cost of butter. In all, eight bills have been introduced during the 80th Congress.

Another reason for the drive to repeal oleo taxes has been the activity of individual farmers and farm groups. Cotton and soybean farmers are concerned because the sale of their crops depends on oleo consumption. In 1946, more than 222 million pounds of cottonseed oil and 200 million pounds of soybean oil went into the manufacture of oleomargarine. The American Soybean Association, headed by Ersel Walley, with a membership of over 6,000, has been holding press conferences, giving out literature and calling on congressmen in an effort to bring about repeal of oleo-tax legislation. Walley feels that it may be possible to get at least one of the bills favorably reported out of committee.

The federal law about which so much clamor has been raised levies a tax of 10 cents a pound on colored oleo, one-fourth of a cent on uncolored. More effective in preventing the sale of oleo are the various license fees imposed on manufacturers, wholesalers and distributors, which range from $6 to $600 per year.

These licenses, together with state laws, prevent one-third to one-half of the retail stores of the nation from handling oleo at all. The states of course have a long list of restrictions, including tax licenses, prohibitions and requirements concerning labeling and use in institutions and restaurants. Seventeen states prohibit the use of oleomargarine in public institutions.

The dairy interests especially object to yellow oleomargarine. They have put through dozens of state laws prohibiting its sale, 23 of which are still in effect. Most margarine is naturally yellow and has to have the color taken out of it, but butter is yellow only in summer and fall, when the cows eat considerable green stuff. Those of us who have lived in the country know that butter is practically white by Christmas unless the cows get a lot of fall pasture. Dairymen color butter about eight months out of the year.

Vitamins. One argument that dairymen formerly used against oleo is that it was not nutritious. But during the last few years scientists have proved time and time again that oleo is just as nutritious and just as digestible as butter. Vitamin A actually exists in greater quantities in oleo than in butter, except for a short period. Scientists say that the Vitamin A content in butter may go down to as low as 4,000 units in the winter, but oleo manufacturers are required by law to put in a minimum of 15,000 Vitamin A units, the year around.

There are some signs that even the dairymen are weakening in their attacks on oleo. H. H. Bushnell, one of the editors of the *Western Dairy Journal*, reports that they are coming around to the idea that the dairy industry should concentrate on the sale of fluid milk, and quit making butter. Department of Agriculture experts say that in 1947 per-capita milk consumption was about 403 pounds, but that 657 pounds per capita is required for an adequate diet.

It may be expected, though, that organized dairymen will continue to fight tooth and nail against any efforts to get rid of oleo legislation in spite of rank-and-file defections of their members. But opposition to oleo legislation is bound to increase.

Increasing pressure. There are several reasons for this growing opposition. One is that soybeans are an up-and-coming crop. Soybean production has risen from 33 million bushels in 1933 to 196 million in 1946. It is second to corn as a grain crop and it is estimated that the value of this year's crop will exceed $600 million. Soybean farmers, together with cotton farmers, will put the heat on legislators to repeal anti-oleo legislation. Another factor in favor of oleomargarine is the publicity given to juggling of prices by dairy interests.

An example of how big milk concerns work against the public interest occurred about a year ago in New York City when the Dairymen's League rigged the butter market and was convicted and fined for having violated a New York State law.

Mark Twain's prophecy about oleo may eventually come true.

ANGUS MCDONALD

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MOVIES: Made to Order

THE VERSION of Ben Jonson's "Volpone" recently imported from France is based on Stefan Zweig's adaptation written in 1927, with further textual changes by Jules Romains. It was filmed in Paris in 1940 by a company named Ile de France, and it presents Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in the two leads.

At the time the picture was being completed, France was on the verge of capitulation to the German blitzkrieg, and German power was influential in French political, economic and intellectual life. "Volpone," as Jonson wrote it, had strong overtones of anti-Semitism; as presented in this screen version the overtones have been strengthened until they become the dominant impression of the play. Some of this strengthening is to be found in Zweig's text; more of it is provided by Baur's interpretation of the title role.

I am not accusing Zweig of anti-Semitism, for I know he was incapable of it. The worst that he can be charged with is a social innocence unbecoming in a man of his experience. There is every possibility that in 1927 the ancient play may have struck him as no more than admirable theater well worth preserving; it is even possible that in 1927 Volpone, the Levantine, was not necessarily a Jew. In 1940 and in Baur's interpretation he could be nothing but a Jew, and a particularly repulsive one at that.

Jonson's Volpone, a figure of disdainful wit who trapped his victims by their own avarice, has been broadened into the prototype of the dirty Jew; Mosca, his knave and accomplice, abets Volpone's trickery with fastidious contempt, and, in a new ending for a New Order, drives him from his palace and distributes his hoarded wealth to the deserving poor. Louis Jouvet plays that role like a high-bred SS officer in disguise. He pours wine for the non-Aryan pig, but he doesn't drink with him.

Harry Baur was a great actor, and it is acutely painful to watch him debase his talent. The dignity and intelligence with which he could invest a part is here rigorously excluded for a piece of squealing slapstick. It is a terrible obituary for an artist.

Jouvet has, before this, used his deep, compelling voice, his saturnine face and his foxlike grace for dubious ends. Most Americans encountered him first as the friar in "Kermesse Heroique" ("Carnival in Flanders"), that exquisite pageant which taught so subtly the joys of submission to the virile invader. There is nothing exquisite or subtle about "Volpone."

I am not specifically accusing anyone connected with the picture, for I have been unable to uncover the necessary evidence. But I know that "Volpone," a most unsavory example of anti-Semitic propaganda, was made in Paris at a time when the Nazis were polishing their boots to goose-step down the Champs Elysées. There seems, therefore, no good reason to show it in America today.

Conquistador. Darryl F. Zanuck's "Captain from Castile" is a step backward in the right direction. It is a pageant, a historical extravaganza in the Fairbanks tradition, based on the novel by Samuel Shellabarger, which in turn was based on Cortez's conquest of Mexico. Swashbuckling may be no great art, but the movies can do it superbly and it is fun to see it back again, bloody and unashamed.

Tyrone Power, who has become a redhead for the occasion, handles a sword or a lady's hankerchief with equal credit to his Castilian upbringing, and Jean Peters, though but a wench, is a match for him and the jungles of Mexico. This is the kind of spectacle in which the wealth of Hollywood's casting resources pays off, and the supporting horde sparkles with character actors, strong men and heels. The film was shot almost entirely in Mexico, a landscape which, besides being beautiful in itself, is admirable for wild horseback riding in the moonlight and armies on the march.

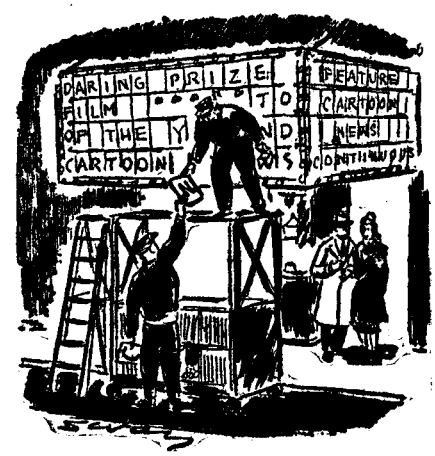
All in all, "Captain from Castile" is a triumphant return to the Roman age of Hollywood.

Wide of the mark. You would expect that Nunnally Johnson, Charles MacArthur, George S. Kaufman and William Powell, if they set themselves to be funny, could turn out an example of really superior comedy. In fact, their past records in this line are so impressive that the failure of "The Senator Was Indiscreet" to produce more than a scattering of short-lived guffaws must be laid to circumstances beyond their control.

The principal circumstance, probably, was the studio department whose job it is to worry about codes and boards of review and congressional committees. It must soon have become evident that this quartet of humorists was browsing in dangerous pastures, and steps were taken to make sure that such satire as it attempted would be so extraordinarily broad that any resemblance to real people or events would be not only unintentional but impossible.

It may seem unlikely, but Powell portrays, in the role of Senator Melvin G. Ashton, a presidential aspirant of such extravagant idiocy that the edge of the humor is pretty well dulled. Satire may hit the target from almost any angle it chooses, but it mustn't miss it altogether.

Probably because of this restriction on its inventiveness, the atmosphere



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of "The Senator Was Indiscreet" is rather dispirited. It gets off to a bad start when the Senator is inducted into an Indian tribe, a situation whose possibilities of humor were pretty well exhausted by Calvin Coolidge, and it ends in a scene so desperately unfunny that the authors have introduced a little private joke in an attempt to get it by. In between, as is inevitable in a script written by MacArthur and directed by Kaufman, there are some laughs, but too much of it is at the level of having candidate Powell deliver a moving panegyric to Minneapolis in the railway station of St. Paul.

Peter Lind Hayes is wonderful as the Senator's young press agent, Lew Gibson. Station yourself any afternoon on the route between the Time-Life building and the Yale Club and Hayes's Gibson will pass you within five minutes, wearing a fly-front covert top coat and a disreputable brown felt hat. Hayes is a night-club performer and he has obviously been studying the customers who habitually pick up the checks. This is his first movie and he steals it—it's too bad there wasn't a little more to steal. ROBERT HATCH

FOREIGN PRESS: Hungary

THE PRESS of Communist-dominated Hungary is decidedly not a one-party affair. Budapest publishes daily papers representing all the officially recognized political parties: the coalition government's Communist, Social Democrat, National Peasant, and Smallholders (formerly headed by now exiled Prime Minister Ferenc Nagy); the paper of the Democratic People's—the largest party outside of the government; and even those of the relatively minor Citizens' Democratic and the Radical Party. Furthermore, there are a number of weeklies without any party affiliations whatever.

While it is obvious from the generally cautious tone of these papers that the sort of vituperative criticism practised by opposition papers in non-Communist European countries is "not done" in Hungary, they yet find ways, and are evidently permitted, to express their disapproval of measures they do not like.

SZABAD NEP The latest Hungarian newspapers to arrive by Air Express were excited about the establishment on November 25 of what Budapest calls Laborers' Courts. It was the big story for papers of all denominations, with the Communist Party organs editorializing exuberantly, believing that this new arm of justice will at last wipe out the black market that has plagued the Hungarian economy for years.

The new courts make no pretense of dispassionate, legalistic jurisprudence. The judges of these courts, initiated by the Communist Party as an emergency measure to combat speculators, profiteers and other "enemies of the people," are laymen, picked from the ranks of labor. It was felt that only the little man who has known the pinch of the black market would bring in swift and stern verdicts. Each court consists of four regular and two alternate judges whose names were drawn by lot from 1,100 rank-and-file candidates submitted to the Ministry of Justice by leading industrial concerns.

The president of the court in each case is a bona-fide jurist. One of these jurists, Tibor Lukacs, is reported by the Communist daily *Szabad Nep* (Free People) to have commended the laborer-judges at the end of the first day's session for their "objectivity and honest love of justice . . . bringing to their task the fair and sound judgment of the simple man of the street."

The point of view of the little man himself was expressed by laborer-judge spokesman Ferenc Nemeth at the inauguration of the new courts. As described in *Szabad Nep*, Nemeth said he and his men were honored to be members of Laborers' Courts, and "would prove worthy of the trust placed in them by *mercilessly persecuting speculators*." (The italics are *Szabad Nep's*; and there can be no question of a slip of the tongue between "persecute" and "prosecute" in Hungarian.)

Opposition papers, which usually find ways to express their disapproval of unwelcome measures, take these extra-curricular courts in their stride and show no trace of resentment. There are at least two reasons for this equanimity. The black market in Hungary, as in most European countries today, is a very real menace. When covering the first postwar elections in Budapest in 1945, I heard persons busily engaged in black marketing bemoan black-market prices and demand that "something be done." Further, there is no legal tradition in Hungary comparable to the principle in Anglo-Saxon law that holds a man innocent until proved guilty. So the new courts function—and their justice is swift and stern.

Among the first to be tried was one Imre Sombor, wholesale merchant in electrodes. He was charged with pocketing the 10-percent discount legally established for factories whose manufacturing processes require the use of electrodes. Sombor pleaded not guilty to "actions inimical to the interest of the people." But among his laborer-judges was an employee of a plant that had periodically laid off workers because it lacked sufficient funds to buy electrodes on the black market. Within a matter of hours, Sombor was sentenced to six and a half years' imprisonment, fines totaling 198,000 Forint (nearly $19,000), confiscation of his place of business and withdrawal for five years of his dealer's license and his permit to live within the city limits of Budapest.

KIS UJSAG Meanwhile Budapest tax collectors have set their own trap for black marketeers. As reported in *Kis Ujsag* (Small Newspaper), the organ of the conservative Smallholders' Party, local citizens who spent their summer vacations at the more expensive Hungarian resorts are being summoned to tax

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offices and asked to give an accounting of their sources of income.

This in itself is not unusual procedure, but it is made interesting by the fact that the tax officials work from detailed files listing the hotels at which the "suspect" stayed, the amount spent on room and board, the number of times local bars were visited, number and type of drinks consumed, and whether the bill was picked up for other vacationers in the party. One incautious young man blurted out the fact that he had paid the bar check for his mistress.

Kis Ujsag dramatizes the result of this remark: " 'Oh, so you have a mistress?' demanded the tax collector, striking like lightning and making a quick notation on the file. 'And how much a month do you spend on her?' The young man realized that he had made an irreparable mistake. 'I don't have a regular mistress. . . . It was just a girl I picked up . . .' he stammered." But, comments the paper, it was too late. The tax collector ordered an official investigation of the young man's sources of income, since his salary, files showed, was insufficient to support a mistress.

Night school. Free adult education may be a timeworn tradition in a democracy, but education of any sort made available to the average workingman is a radical innovation in a country like Hungary, where learning has traditionally been the prerogative of the wealthy. Now the Central University of Budapest has taken the pioneer step: late in November, night courses for adult workers were instituted.

Reporting the event under the self-conscious heading, "We Smash the Culture-Monopoly of the Rich," the Communist daily *Szabad Nep* writes: "This is not an attempt to replace the old style of specialized learning, but merely a first step toward making education available to all who want it. . . ." and quotes one of the speakers asking the Minister of Culture to consider the economic circumstances of the new pupils when determining tuition fees.

EVA PUTNAM

MUSIC: Mitropoulos, Elmo and Small Fry

IN HIS FOUR-WEEK TERM as conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos added stature both to his reputation and to the Philharmonic's. In three immense and exceptionally difficult works—Richard Strauss's "Alpine Symphony," Ernst Krenek's new fourth symphony and Gustav Mahler's sixth (played for the first time in the United States, though it was written in 1906)—he was able to coördinate the details of the complex scores and present the music persuasively and with no apparent effort. The curiosity which sent him in search of such fresh program materials gave the Philharmonic a welcome holiday from its usual chore of purveying the tired official masterpieces Virgil Thomson calls the "fifty pieces" of the orchestral repertory.

Except during his visit to New York, Mitropoulos spends the winter as musical director of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. In the summer he is in charge of the outdoor concerts at Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia. His position in American music is likely to become constantly more important. A genuine human being in a profession notoriously peopled with phonies and heels, he wins the affection of his men by acts of kindness and generosity and their respect by the absence of fraud from his work.

Without score. When Mitropoulos conducted from memory the hour-and-ten-minute Mahler sixth, he was not putting on a show. A good many conductors are able to conduct without a score by learning cues and tempo changes and letting the orchestra do the rest. But Mitropoulos goes far beyond the mechanical act of memorizing notes and makes every measure become a living musical reality to him—and to the audience.

This zeal to find the complete meaning of a score enables Mitropoulos to give remarkably finished performances of new or infrequently played music.

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS

But in standard pieces it often becomes a disadvantage. Frequently—as in his recent performance of Debussy's "Iberia"—he makes you wish he would let the music alone, instead of overinterpreting it until the natural flow is torn into a tattered series of minute, expressive effects.

This extravagance is always the reflection of a peculiarly stern and demanding musical conscience, however, and since his intentions are good, it is easier to forgive his vagaries than the distortions of conductors who want to call attention to their own uniqueness or to the magnificence of the orchestra. If Mitropoulos can discover the secret of simplicity—as Monteux and Toscanini know it so well—he will attain the greatness to which his technical skill, artistry and personal integrity already largely entitle him.

Finds. Since the departure of Karin Branzell and Bruna Castagna, the Metropolitan Opera has needed a mezzo-soprano with a big voice and a theatrical temperament suited to such parts as Azucena in "Il Trovatore" and Amneris in "Aida." At her debut as Azucena and in her second assignment as the sorceress Ulrica in "A Masked Ball," Cloe Elmo, a young Italian singer, aroused universal enthusiasm.

She is a natural, even a primitive, artist, rather than a refined one. While her voice placement does not cor-

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respond to the specifications of traditional Italian schooling and her vigorous delivery is rather hit-or-miss, she has a real flair for the stage—even though her squat figure and plain features will exclude her from Metropolitan glamor-girl spreads in *Life*—and her tone has a chilling snarl which cuts through the orchestra and creates an exciting sense of menace.

Some of the best contributions at the Metropolitan are regularly made by singers of secondary roles whose skill usually passes unnoticed. Thelma Votipka, for instance, has sung supporting soprano parts with unique distinction for nearly 20 years, first in Chicago and subsequently at the Metropolitan. In reviewing the "Hansel and Gretel" record album I had to complain because Miss Votipka sang too beautifully as the Witch. But on every other occasion—as Flora in "La Traviata" or Gertrude in "Louise" or Frasquita in "Carmen"—her varied nuance, crisp rhythm and lovely phrasing give continual pleasure.

Martha Lipton is a beguiling young mezzo whose musicality and presence have begun to win her bigger opportunities; you will look far before finding a more believable or smoother-voiced Magdalena in "Die Meistersinger." Another minor masterpiece in "Die Meistersinger" is John Garris' characterization of the apprentice, David. Garris is as adroit an actor as most of the people regularly employed on Broadway, and he is an expert singer, handicapped only by a tenor voice too light for major roles.

In the same opera Gerhard Pechner's Beckmesser is the most completely realized comic impersonation to be found at the Metropolitan, far surpassing the overpraised slapstick jobs of Salvatore Baccaloni.

Disappointment. The revival of "Louise" after five years slipped by calmly and will not be remembered long. In the title role Dorothy Kirsten's voice was too light, and her pallid conception of the working-girl heroine showed that she still does not know how to go about creating a credible character. CECIL SMITH

RADIO

UNION BUSINESS

AT THE New York headquarters of the Radio Directors' Guild (AFL) Christmas week, picket signs were ready and stacked neatly. One banner read: "CBS is NOT there with a fair wage for CBS directors." Another warned, "Don't be a square, stay off the NBC air." There was a cardboard announcing that, as between directors and a third network, "the feeling is not Mutual"; and a fourth attack went: "Do you hear 'My True Story' on ABC?—then hear the *true* story: ABC does not pay a fair wage to directors."

In other words, the directors were ready to strike. William Green had pledged full AFL support, which was all-important since all but one of the craft unions on the amusement side of radio are allied with the AFL.

It was not until an hour before the New York chapter of the RDG was to announce the exact time of the walkout that the networks showed willingness at least to consider the directors' demands for decent salaries. Network executives at first took comfort in the fact that the strike would be confined to their staff directors in New York, most of whom work only on sustaining shows. The big commercial-program directors, employed by advertising agencies, and all the directors in the two other principal points of origin—Hollywood and Chicago—could be involved directly only if the national membership of the RDG voted to strike.

Direct action. But the membership did just that, and talks got under way. Picket lines were ready to start beating the pavements when the old RDG New York contract expired at midnight of December 31. At this writing, it is still not certain that the directors will start using their feet instead of working as usual with head and arms. But the RDG proved it meant business.

It is interesting to reflect on what

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The NEW REPUBLIC

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would happen if the directors—or, for that matter, any other union in the broadcasting field—did strike. How complete and unbiased would the radio news coverage be?

What's fair? If the news were not used on the radio at all, would such omission be considered fair? Two of the networks, NBC and CBS, have well established policies of giving time gratis for discussion of various sides of controversial issues; ABC and Mutual sell time for such broadcasts. Would the networks share time with their own striking unions, either on a free or on a paid basis? Or would they take refuge in the contention, once put forth by ABC's San Francisco outlet (KGO), that a local strike is not of sufficient importance to local listeners to warrant discussion?

And where would the Federal Communications Commission be on such an issue, now that the FCC had acquired Washington's reactionary "New Look"? Paralleling a broadcaster's dilemma with the clear-cut position of any anti-union newspaper publisher will not help. There is no Communications Act requiring publishers to serve "the public interest, convenience and necessity" and be fair to all sides or face loss of license.

Radio's obligation to serve all sides, either through equal division of free time or through willingness to sell those precious minutes, is one of the most important rights possessed by all in this country. The serious danger, however, is not that radio will refuse to give or sell time to a union or to a progressive political organization. The danger, too often, is that the group obtaining time will not know how to use it or will not have the means to get the most out of the radio.

The outstanding labor campaign to date was the one put on by the AFL last spring and summer to fight the Taft-Hartley bill. To do the job, the AFL spent $289,854 for time alone on the ABC network, and $46,280 more for rebroadcasts over Mutual—a total of $336,134. These figures just became available with publication of the 1947 broadcasting fiscal data. In addition, the AFL spent during that campaign a total of $85,631 for talent and administration. One full-hour show cost $12,432 for talent and incidentals, exclusive of time—and every star on that show worked for the minimum union scale instead of at the fancy figure he would have charged an ordinary sponsor. So, if your union or political group has an eye on radio, it would be realistic to remember that the instrument cannot be paid for in peanuts.

Rebukes. Right now, this commentator should be the last to advise anybody on the labor side of the fence, particularly from Tucson, Arizona, westward. What got me in wrong was my recent report here on Sidney Roger's fine work over KGO, San Francisco. Most of the barbs came from Los Angeles, where listeners complain that I slighted their favorite radio commentator, Averill Berman. He broadcasts over KGFS as well as over KWIK. Pauline A. Young of Los Angeles labels him "fearless and forthright"; Gertrude Heller insists he is "constant and fearless"; and S. Prosin calls Berman "our one progressive voice." I never said Berman was not all these things. It just happens that I have not yet been able to hear him.

A lady in Tucson, who does not want her name used here, is angry on several scores, particularly my recent reference to William L. Shirer. In expressing my gratification with Shirer's return to the air (Mutual, Sundays, 1 p.m.), I said I had not joined those who castigated CBS last summer when he was canceled off that net. Apparently, the Tucson reader thinks I shouldn't say such things, even if I happen to mean them. She holds that such comment "pleases reactionaries and, in fact, looks as though we were trying to please them. We are too weak to divide—too weak in numbers and also in character." I'll take that last sentence, but not the preceding one. Precisely because broadcasters are not always right, it's our business—I think—to say they are when it's so.

SAUL CARSON

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THEATER: Dostoevsky

ROBERT WHITEHEAD AND OLIVER LEA, the young producers who gave us "Medea," have added another interesting production to the season's works in Rodney Ackland's dramatization of Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment." In a theater in which new (and old) producers are likely to be found hunting the dollar with such trash as "For Love or Money," the bold devotion to high aims here evidenced deserves a sprig of holiday mistletoe.

Ackland has been successful with Dostoevsky only on very curious terms. He has fallen into the inevitable trap and used the uproarious surface of the novel, the wild melodrama, the most obvious humor. The plunging psychological intuitions, the heaving, dark depths of passion and doubt that pulsate beneath the surface, have eluded him. So, from a book which has come down to us as a somber and profound clash of souls, we get a fascinating genre study of life in a decayed St. Petersburg boardinghouse.

Small coin. We are paid off in the by-products of Dostoevsky, rather than with his main effects. These are rewarding, especially under the direction of Theodore Komisarjevsky, which keeps a riotous crew of drunkards, gluttons, misers, policemen, and ladies fallen from grace sweeping in everlasting variety through the wonderfully ingenious and flavorsome Paul Sheriff setting. Still, we are entertained rather than moved, even by the performance of John Gielgud, which is as taut and trembling as a violin string. He convinces us that he is suffering unutterable tortures of conscience, but he does not persuade us, except at moments, to pity him and weep for him.

Vladimir Sokoloff, as Petrovitch, the examining magistrate, gives a sly and amusing performance. Sokoloff acts with an easy gusto, a quality of being at home in and loving the theater, that by now strikes us, when we see it, as a beautifully old-fashioned stage virtue. Still, the brooding, irresistible menace of Dostoevsky's creation is lost here, too. Doomed to move in new cramped dimensions of time and space, Petrovitch is finally a comedian rather than a dread instrument of atonement.

Lillian Gish contributes a light-footed and plaintive performance as the dying daughter of a colonel—foolish, pathetic, haunted to the end by her memories of a past respectability. As her foundered husband, Sanford Meisner comes close to the truth of depravity and despair. Dolly Haas's portrayal of quiet and dignified suffering is done with steady sincerity.

It is perhaps offensively philistine to say this about a work derived from such gigantic sources, but you leave the theater feeling that you have seen a good show, and not much more.

Good intentions. An organization of actors, which calls itself New Stages, and of whose aims and industry I heartily approve, has put on a play of which I heartily disapprove: Barrie Stavis' "Lamp at Midnight."

One hesitates to be too harsh to a group engaged in the useful work of fighting for the theater's salvation. Yet the play which they have chosen for their first work—a retelling of the Galileo story—limps painfully along, suffering by comparison with the occasional noble heights reached in Bertolt Brecht's tract on the same theme. The actors are uncomfortable in the swirl of churchly vestments; they flounder among the innumerable, cramped sets; and the director seems to have been beaten from the start by the problem of handling large groups of not particularly skilled people in a play so far outside his own experience. Perhaps next time New Stages will strike closer home, with less ambition and more finesse.

IRWIN SHAW

MOTION PICTURES

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JOE HILL (Cont'd from page 24)

ambiguous. Was he a yegg for the usual reasons, or was he a defiant enemy of an unjust society, revolting against the bosses and the boss-owned world? Among the effects of the escaped Otto Applequist, shortly after the shooting of grocer Morrison, were found some of Joe Hill's cartoons, one of them showing a burglar with a bandanna over his face shooting a policeman. Was it merely a callous representation of what he himself intended to do, or was it a temperamental hatred for the uniform, the authority, the oppressive law? The poet who wanted his ashes to fertilize flowers carried a gun under his arm.

And for a crowning ambiguity, an ultimate irony, Ralph Chaplin's unpublished memoirs tell of the raids which in 1917 broke up the IWW and jailed all its leaders. In the raid on the national headquarters in Chicago, the Department of Justice seized "as evidence" the last few envelopes of Joe Hill's ashes. "What ever happened to them," Chaplin says, "I was never able to discover." Though 97 percent of Joe Hill's mortal remains lie somewhere free and fecund in the earth, three percent are still in the hands of the cops.

WASHINGTON WIRE

(Cont'd from page 3)

radio, Elmer Davis (ABC), Joe Harsch (CBS) and Al Warner of Mutual.

We begin our day on the magnificent news columns of the N. Y. *Times,* and sigh to see the gradual hardening of its editorial arteries, while the excellent *Herald Tribune* remains so much spryer and open-minded. From them, we turn to *PM* for the other side. Our New Year's greetings also to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* which still seems to fire as heavy a broadside as any other editorial page in the country. And we have an affectionate attachment, too, for the hard-hitting Washington *Post,* including Herblock's cartoons.

The best all-round news coverage of Congress we know is the Baltimore *Sun's* superlative team, Bill Knighton, Joe Short and Rodney Crowther. It's rare that we can't pick up an idea from the Railway Brotherhoods' excellent weekly, *Labor.* And in this mellow mood of appreciation, let us extend gracious New Year's greetings and hearty thanks, too, to the NAM, to Representative J. Parnell Thomas, to columnist Henry Hazlitt of *Newsweek,* to Sam Pettengill, and to all the Neanderthal Men both in and out of Congress, too numerous to mention. How much easier they make our weekly stint!

Five decisions. It isn't just that the US has one simple and uncomplicated decision, like the Marshall Plan, to make in 1948. It has five, and they are all treading on one another's toes. This is an election year, which makes choice Number One, and the presidential race will almost certainly become involved in everything else. Then there is Number Two, the Inflation Issue, and the question whether those who want us to "Sell Capitalism" abroad are prepared to do anything realistic in its behalf at home. There is also, of course, the continuing Soviet-American diplomatic duel. Fourth, there is ERP and the question whether Congress in this year of great decisions will pass "the" Marshall Plan or merely "a" Marshall Plan which probably won't work. Fifth, there is a still bigger question whether America can adjust herself to her new, over-all role of world power and responsibility, in view of the isolationism left in the country. Yes, 1948 should prove interesting.

Notes. The US must either shortly increase its outlay in Greece or acknowledge the whole adventure is a failure. . . . So far the list of commodity speculators forced out by the Republicans is a flop. . . . We foresee relatively few big strikes in '48; employers are making too big profits to resist a third round of wage increases. . . . It's still too early to guess the fate of the Marshall Plan in Congress. . . . The GOP is eager to find some other issue than the HCL for '48; Truman will try to keep it on that.

Washington T. R. B.

BANDWAGON

Criterion

"It doesn't matter if President Chiang is a benevolent despot, a democrat or a republican," he [Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer] added. "The fact is the man has opposed communism throughout his history." – *From the New York* Times.

Just Before the Battle

Major Jules H. Long will speak on "Control of Stragglers and Civilians" and "Geopolitics of Soviet Russia," after which a motion picture entitled "Control of Individuals in the Field" will be shown. – *From the announcement of a training meeting for a military-police battalion, in the Newport News* Daily Press.

End of an Adage

DRESSES WILL COST 15 TO 55 PCT. MORE IN SPRING—MARKET IS STRONG

Member of New York Firm Says He Is "So Glad There Are No More Poor People"

– *Head and subhead in the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

Amateur Standing

Appice was charged specifically with failing to maintain his diplomatic status by taking a part-time refuse-collecting job, after arriving here from Florence on the *Saturnia* October 4. – *UP dispatch from Newark.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clippings. – The Editors

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E, THE PEOPLE, *by Leo Huberman, th 25 drawings and end-papers by omas Hart Benton, Harper, $3.75.* A mpletely new edition of a widely-acimed history of the American people. vised to include political and cultural ects of New Deal, it is "a unique and mulating book."—*N. Y. Times.*

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THE CONSTITUTION AND CIVIL RIGHTS, *by Milton R. Konvitz, Columbia, $3.* A complete guide to existing laws and conditions regarding civil rights in the U. S.; the rights of persons to employment, accommodations in hotels, restaurants, common carriers, and other public accommodations. Defines the constitutional scope of such rights, and analyzes eighteen state civil rights acts.

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PAMPHLET

A missing link in Bellamy's *Looking Backward* is complete absence of direct financial incentive. A weak spot is vocational guidance on a military pattern. A remedy for both defects is outlined in COMMON SENSE, 1947. 30¢ per copy. Order from: *Neczyme, not inc., Box 5325, Chicago, Illinois.*

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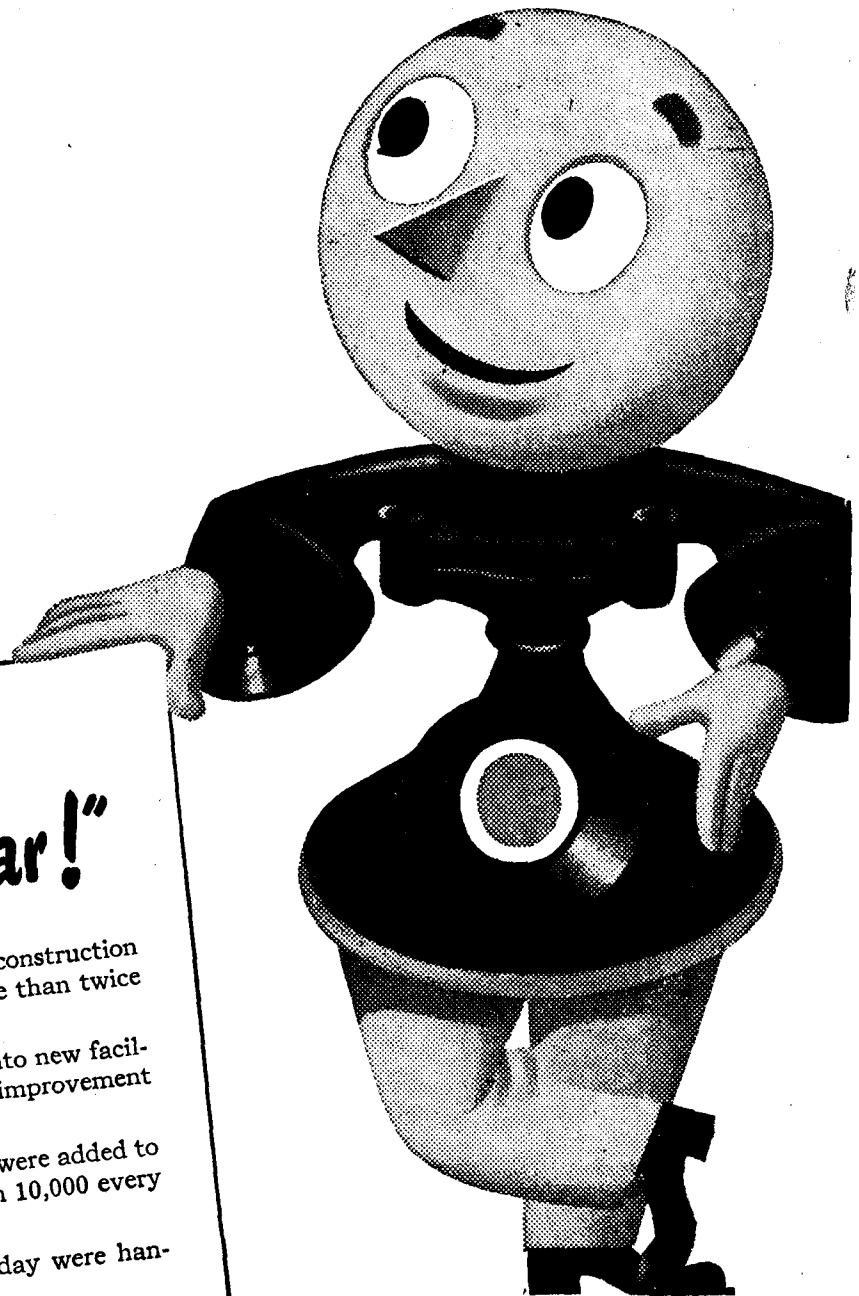
1947



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